

FRANK LESLIE'S LEISURE TIME NEWSPAPER

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HON. JAMES M. MASON, U. S. S. FROM VIRGINIA.
SENATOR MASON is justly entitled to the claim of being a representative of one of the first families in Virginia; first not only in point of time so far as the early settlement of the State is concerned, but first also from the high position his ancestors have ever held both socially and politically in the State. His first ancestor was George Mason, who was a member of Parliament and an officer in the royal army, defeated at Worcester in 1651 by Cromwell. Soon after this memorable event Col. Mason migrated to Virginia, and afterwards established a plantation in

Westmoreland county, on the banks of the Potomac river, where his lineal descendants for more than two centuries have lived. It is an interesting fact that the old Pohick church, in which Washington when at Mount Vernon attended divine worship, has still existing upon some of its pews the names of the contemporaries of Washington, and among them we find that of George Mason, at the time one of the most prominent members of the church, and one of the most influential citizens of the country round. In the year 1764 the old church had fallen into decay, and it was resolved to build a new one. The location of the new building became a matter of considerable excitement in the parish, some contending for the site where the remains of the old edifice were standing, while others desired a place nearer the centre of the parish; among the latter was Washington. A meeting was called to settle the question. George Mason led the party favorable to the old site, and in its defence made an eloquent harangue, conjuring the people not to desert the spot consecrated by the bones of their ancestors.

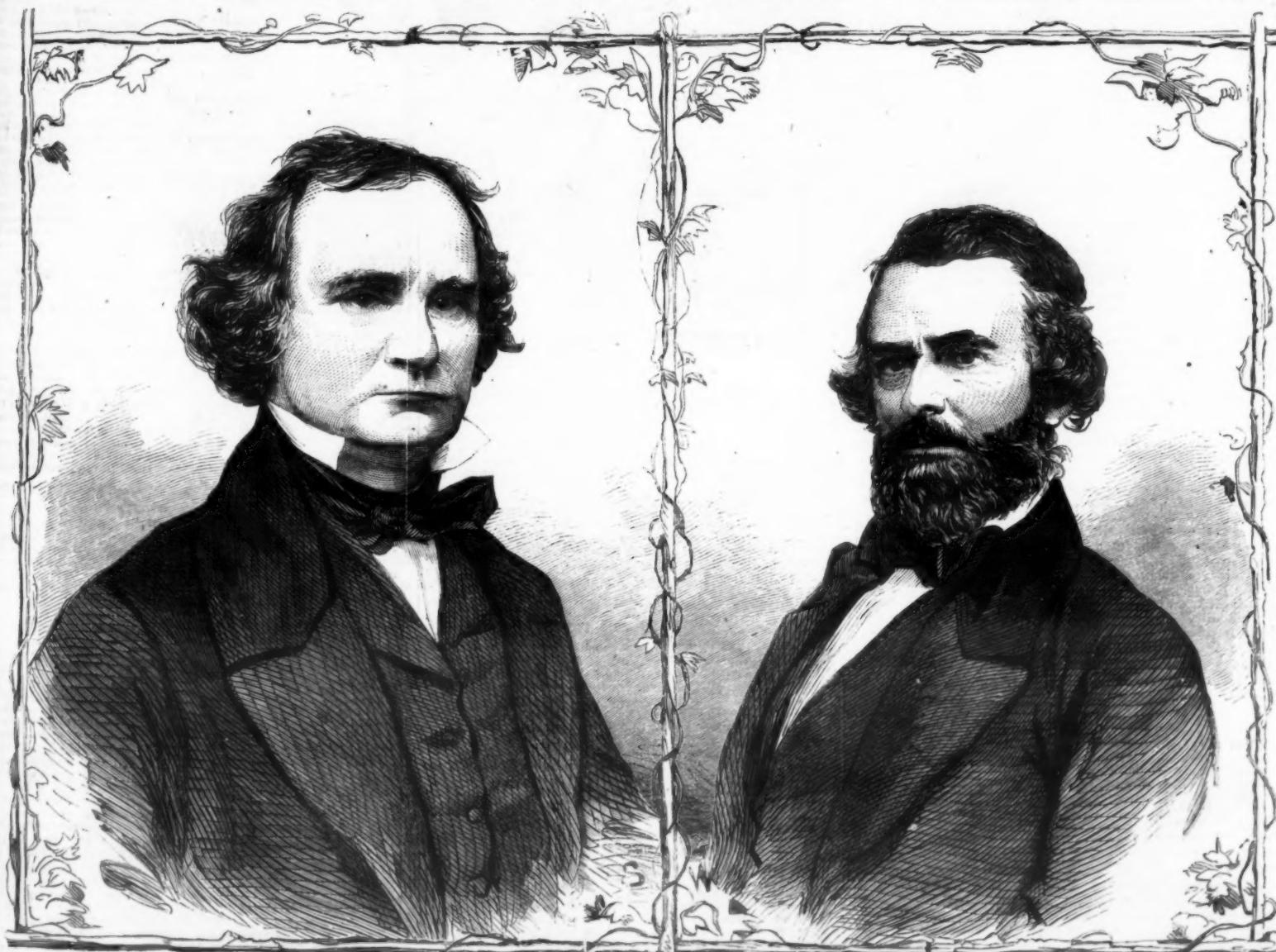
This simple anecdote displays the spirit of the Masons, and shows that the ancestors of the royalist colonel, who distinguished himself at Worcester, has been retained through every generation, and that James M. Mason, the present Senator in Congress, inherits his eloquence and his public spirit.

Mr. Mason was born on the 3d of November, 1798, on Analostan Island, at the time a part of the county of Fairfax. He was educated in the primary schools of the day that existed in George-

town, which was then the principal residence of the members of Congress. Association with the patriots of the Revolution, who formed the mass of the members at that early day, afforded the greatest possible advantage for the education of a future statesman, and no doubt inspired young Mason with the ambition to distinguish himself in the national councils. In the year 1818 he graduated at the University of Pennsylvania, and at once commenced the study of law at William and Mary's College, Virginia, and received his diploma while in the office of Benjamin Watkins Leigh, and commenced the practice in Winchester, meeting from the commencement with signal success.

His abilities were soon appreciated by his fellow-citizens, and in 1826 he was elected a member of the House of Delegates, and served three sessions; he was also chosen a member of the Convention which assembled in 1829 to revise the Constitution of Virginia. In the year 1837 he was elected to Congress, and although serving but one term (refusing a re-election), he stamped himself upon his compatriots as a logical debater, and as an unflinching disciple of the prominent statesmen of the past generation. In January, 1847, he was elected to a seat in the United States Senate; he was re-elected in 1849, and again in 1855. As a Senator he has always maintained a high position, being acknowledged a leader in all the great measures advocated by his party.

As Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, he has unquestionably had a controlling influence in shaping the



HON. JAMES M. MASON, U. S. SENATOR FROM VIRGINIA.—PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITESHIRE.

HON. THOS. L. HARRIS, REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS FROM ILLINOIS.—PHOTO BY WHITESHIRE.

administration of our Government in its difficult relations with foreign countries. The history of our foreign relations for years past displays the fact that Mr. Mason is eminently conservative in his feelings, and while he has been unwilling to submit to any injustice, he has also discouraged the spirit of lawlessness which has displayed itself among large parties of our fellow citizens.

Mr. Mason possesses a commanding and well-formed person, a fine head, with a face lit up by a keen, expressive eye. His manners combine the statesman of the preceding generation with the more familiar carriage of the present day. While his carriage is courtly, there is nothing cold or stiff in his intercourse; on the contrary, his genial manners make him beloved among a large circle of relatives and friends.

THE HON. T. L. HARRIS, M. C. FROM ILLINOIS.

The Hon. Thos. L. Harris, of the sixth Congressional District of Illinois, is a native of New England, and is as truly a representative of the Puritan stock as Mr. Mason is of the Cavaliers. He is a man that has always been remarkable for his untiring energy and perseverance. Some years since he removed to the West, and soon attracted attention, and commanded respect by his talents. Mr. Harris claims nothing on the score of ancestral wealth, but his highest pride arises from the self-won nobility of being a self-made man. Strictly attentive to business, and with no ambition to be known, except as a faithful servant in behalf of his constituents, his reputation would probably remain local but for the attention which has grown out of the "Kansas excitement." When that measure was brought in a practical shape before the House; the motion to refer the Lecompton Constitution and accompanying documents to the Territorial Committee was lost by one vote, when there came up the question of amendment introduced by Mr. Harris, which was moved as a substitute for the regular reference. His resolution was as follows:

Resolved, That the message of the President, enclosing the constitution framed at Lecompton, in the Territory of Kansas, by a convention of delegates thereof, and the papers accompanying the same, be referred to a select committee of fifteen, to be appointed by the Speaker, and that said committee be instructed to inquire into all the facts connected with the formation of said constitution and the laws under which the same was originated, and into all such facts and proceedings as have transpired since the formation of said constitution, having relation to the question of the propriety of the admission of said Territory into the Union under said constitution, and whether the same is acceptable and satisfactory to a majority of the legal voters of Kansas, and that said committee have power to send for persons and papers.

On the assembling of the House on Monday, Feb. 8th, according to the armistice which closed the long sitting of Friday, Friday night and Saturday morning previous, the business of voting was commenced without the further interposition of time killing "or dilatory motions." There was the regular motion to refer to the Committee on Territories, and the substitute motion of the foregoing resolution. The previous question was ordered by a vote of 113 to 107, which brought the main question up on the regular motion of reference. This was lost by the close vote of 103 to 114. A change of a single vote would have given the victory to the administration party, and would have virtually settled the controversy in favor of the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton programme.

The regular motion, however, being lost, the question recurred upon the substitute motion of the above resolution—which, amid the most intense excitement that has ever prevailed in the House, was carried by three majority, 225 members voting, only nine being absent.

Speaker Orr announced the Committee, which was composed of seven Administration Democrats, two anti-Lecompton Democrats, five Republicans, and one Know-nothing, Mr. Harris being the chairman.

On Wednesday, March 3d, this Select Committee reported the views of the majority, which was read by Mr. Stephens, of Georgia. It supported the legality of the Lecompton Constitution, and charged the positions of Messrs. Walker and Stanton with inconsistency, thus apparently stultifying the object which Mr. Harris had in view, viz., bringing the testimony of the ex-Governor of Kansas and others, officially before the country. On Wednesday, March 10th, Mr. Stephens announced that he should take the responsibility of printing the majority report. In reply to this, Mr. Harris rose to a question of privilege. He said, in justice to himself and six other members, he desired to explain why the Committee had failed to execute orders of the House. The Speaker decided that it was not a question of privilege, and Mr. Harris appealed, Mr. Stephens moving to lay the appeal on the table. This the House refused to do by fifteen majority. On the 12th of March, the pending question on the appeal of Mr. Harris came up. Mr. Harris argued that the Speaker was in error when he assumed that the minority of the Committee desired to make a report. They merely proposed to produce facts to sustain their action, and prove that the majority had disobeyed the order of the House. Mr. Stephens replied to Mr. Harris. He said no precedent for the course pursued by Mr. Harris could be found in the records of the English Parliament or any other legislative body. The question whether remissness was one of privilege was the one to be decided. He said it was not. That movement he (Mr. Stephens) considered the most important ever made in Congress, being revolutionary in its character. Mr. Stephens professed his ability to show that the Committee had examined every material fact in the Kansas case. Mr. English inquired how the House was to know whether or not the Committee had fulfilled its duty, as Mr. Harris and Mr. Stephens contradicted each other on this point, and recommended that each branch of the Committee should put in its papers. After considerable debate, Mr. Harris inquired of Mr. Stephens whether objections would be made hereafter to a minority report, and was answered that there would not be, when Mr. Harris withdrew his appeal.

The minority report expected from Mr. Harris is looked for with interest, but a sudden attack of sickness has brought him death's door, and for many days past his room has been denied to his most intimate friends.

MARGUERITE;

OR,

THE FATAL MARRIAGE.

A Tale of the Mexican War.

By Marion Hudson.

CHAPTER I.—THE RETURN OF THE DEAD.

"THANK Heaven!" exclaimed a soldier, as he landed on the Battery one afternoon in May, 1852, from a Central American steamer. "Thank Heaven, again I tread my own glorious land! How will my dear wife and boy rejoice to see me after so many perils! I must be cautious, lest the suddenness of the rapture kill her. But I have a weary walk yet; five miles are no joke to one hardly recovered from wounds and sickness, and not a cent in my pocket! I must therefore walk, or beg! But the thought of my home will lend me vigor!"

The person who spoke these words was a man of about thirty, although the emaciation of his form and the evident traces of suffering on his face gave him a much older appearance. He was dressed in a military uniform considerably the worse for wear, and his shoes

were all but worn off his feet. Yet he had been one of the heroes of the Mexican campaigns—a war which called the attention of Europe to our military genius and valor. Three years previous to the opening of our story he had quitted an adoring and beautiful wife and child, the only offspring of their marriage, as Colonel of the New York Volunteers, and had been so seriously wounded in the very first action, that he was reported as "killed." Having fallen into the hands of the Mexicans, he was sent into the interior of the country, and had been retained in captivity till about one month before the present time, when he succeeded in making his escape. He had begged a passage in one of the Vanderbilt steamers, and was landed the day our narrative commences, without a cent in his pocket. He had still nearly five miles to walk, as the home where he had left his wife and child three years previous was a detached cottage near Jones' Wood, on the banks of the East River.

The exhilaration of being so near all that was dear to him lent a fictitious vigor to his steps, and he had reached a little lane near Turtle Bay, about a mile from his old home, when he found his strength so rapidly giving way that he resolved to rest for a short time on a bank to recruit. He also felt an almost irresistible desire to learn some tidings of those so precious to him, before he actually went into their presence. A thousand fears and forebodings came over him; they might be dead, or have left the neighborhood; grief might have killed his idolized wife, and neglect his boy. His heart beat at his breast, like an imprisoned bird, and the thought fell on him, like a mantle of darkness and gloom, that he might have travelled all these weary miles to find a desolated home and two mournful graves! Till this very minute, when thus, as it were, within the grasp of certainty, this suspicion had never crossed his mind.

The horror and agitation of his feelings were too much for his worn and weary frame, and it was only by the sternest effort of his soldier's will that he retained his consciousness. After a short pause, the whisperer Hope came to his aid; the dread presentiment faded like a mist from his heart, and with that quick revulsion of feeling so common in these sudden and profound depressions of spirit, he already seemed to hold his incomparable wife in his arms, who sobbed on his breast her gratitude to God and her unchangeable love to her restored husband.

Nor were these anticipations unwarranted. Their marriage had been one of sympathetic tastes, and never had woman more devotedly loved her husband than had Marguerite de Peyerlind the chosen of her heart. At once of the most amiable principles, she combined with them an angelic gentleness. During the six years of their marriage, never had a frown crossed either's brow; morally and intellectually, they were united in the most tender relations.

If one principle existed in Eugene Morrell stranger than love for his admirable wife, it was a sense of honor; it was this that had torn him from his happy home, and transported him to the arid plains of Mexico. How few of that indomitable band, for ever immortal under the name of the New York Volunteers, returned to their native land, is known to all, and the neglect this heroic remnant has received is as disgraceful a page in our history as the deeds of the veterans are glorious.

Eugene sat upon the wayside, in the fast falling gloom, memory flew back to the time when he had played upon this very spot as a happy boy, and here he had wandered with his Marguerite as a still happier man. He was about rousing himself from these reveries, when he observed a man approach him; he was evidently a mechanic returning home from his labor.

"Happy fellow!" ejaculated Eugene; "he has a home, no doubt, where all is prepared for his approach; while as for me, who can tell, but that I may find my own adored wife in her grave, for death is the only for I have! I know my Marguerite's heart too well to doubt her fidelity; no, if she lives, she is at this minute mourning my absence, and a waiting with a hope-sick soul my return! How anxiously must she court the hours! how often clasp our boy to her heart, and bedew his innocent face with her tears! I can fancy her saying, 'A little patience, my child, and your dear father will be restored to us!' Alas, I yet fear that grief has sent her to her grave!"

When the man came close to where Eugene was, the latter rose and resolved to see if he could ascertain any tidings of his wife and child, since being persons of considerable eminence in the neighborhood, they could not fail to be known so near their residence.

"Good evening, friend," said Eugene.

The other returned his greeting in a kind, cheerful manner, adding, "You are an old soldier, I see!"

"Not a very old one," replied Eugene. "Without thirty is considered old, but I have suffered so much in the last three years that I don't know myself when I look into the glass!"

"You have been in Mexico, I take it?" returned the other.

"Yes," returned Eugene, "I have just returned from those cruel vilains, the Mexicans, without a cent!"

"Ah!" returned the mechanic—"then I can tell you who will welcome you like a sister. Do you see that large house at a little distance, near the shot-tower?"

"With the trees around it, and the vane on the top?"

"That's the one," replied his companion. "Now the lady who lives there is the best woman in the world. She has a great liking to all the soldiers who have been in the late war—for you see her husband was the very first officer that fell! I forgot the name of the battle—but it was the first!"

"Her name!" almost gasped the soldier, "her name! Great God! can it be so? Yet no—that mansion is far too splendid for our fortune!"

"Her name," returned the mechanic, "is Haldimar!"

"Haldimar!" said Eugene, in a musing tone; "I do not recollect any officer of that name, and I know pretty near all; and had he been killed I must have heard of it."

"I'm sure I'm right," said the other; "her husband was killed in the very opening battle."

"And his name was Haldimar?"

"Not so," quickly replied the mechanic; "Mr. Haldimar isn't dead—at all events he wasn't this morning, for I saw him; it was her first husband who was killed."

"Ah!" sighed Eugene, "I knew him well—it was poor General Stuyvesant!"

"No, that wasn't his name, besides he wasn't a general. Plague take it—I know the name as well as though it were my own, and now to save my life I could not remember it!"

"Ald so she married again!—so much for a woman's constancy!"

"Whoever the poor officer was his wife could not have wept his fate!" returned Eugene, with a mournful pity. "Dear Marguerite, how different would have been your conduct had you heard of my fate!"

"What name did you say?" inquired the man.

"Marguerite," replied Eugene.

"Why, that's odd—Mrs. Haldimar's name is Marguerite!"

"Should you remember the name of her husband if I were to speak it?" almost shrieked the soldier.

"To be sure I should; it is even now at my tongue's tip, but I can't catch it."

"Was it—was it Morrell?" agonizingly asked Eugene.

"That's it—Colonel Morrell!" joyfully returned the other.

"God in Heaven, can it be! And Marguerite Morrell has married again!"

"She has—but what ails you?"

"Nothing—but how the trees spin round—Heaven, let me die!"

And as he said these words, the unhappy Eugene Morrell fell as dead to the earth!

CHAPTER II.—THE BREAKFAST-ROOM.

THE morning after the events related in the last chapter, a lady was sitting in a breakfast-room of the mansion pointed out to our hero, as the abode of Mr. Haldimar. The apartment was characterized by a luxurious taste and simplicity, emblematical of a refined mind. It opened upon a lawn and garden, which had been cultivated with a finished taste rarely exhibited in our country, and filled with the finest shrubs and flowers. The morning was warm and bright, and all Nature seemed a jubilee.

On the table were spread the preparations for breakfast; there were three vases of flowers placed at equal distances, as though intended as special offerings to the partakers of the meal.

Seated near the table, as though awaiting the coming of others, was a lady, dressed in a style of such careful simplicity, that the eye

was at once fascinated by the taste she displayed. With the exception of a cross of black, suspended by a gold chain, and one ring on her finger, there was a total absence of all ornament on her person, excepting a white rose, which adorned her hair. There was a quiet, subdued demeanor about her, which cast melancholy around her. She sat as though she had lost the invigorating hope that lends life so sweet and fresh a charm. She seemed merely waiting for those silent wings, the years, to bear her to a tomb already occupied by her heart! Her beauty was almost angelic. Ever and anon she looked at the charming prospect before her, and an occasional half suppressed sigh revealed the sadness of her meditations.

The lady thus introduced to our readers was at once the wife of Colonel Morrell and Mr. Haldimar, one of the most noble-minded men of the day.

Firmly convinced that her husband had perished in Mexico, and robbed by the heir-at-law and a villainous attorney of his estate, she had been persuaded to marry Mr. Haldimar. To this step she had been impelled by her love for her little Eugene, a fine boy approaching his sixth year, and by her dislike of being a pensioner on the cold charity of the scoundrel who had robbed her of her husband's estate.

During the seven months of her second union, the delicate and increasing attentions, at once tender and respectful, of Haldimar, had made her regard him with an admiring veneration rather than affection. His devoted attachment for her child, so touching to a true mother's heart, had also exercised a most powerful influence in opening her soul towards her second husband, although, at the same time, she felt that a century of such attentions never could awaken in her those sensations which a pure-minded woman can only feel once in her existence. This maidenhood of the heart can never be bestowed twice. The true spirit lives but once, and once only—but that is for life—and however unworthy the possessor may prove, that feeling can never altogether cease to hang around its first hero.

"You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,

But the scent of the roses will cling to it still."

Notwithstanding the manifold virtues of Mr. Haldimar, the struggle had been a long and painful one, for the supposed widow of Colonel Morrell would have died ere she breathed again the marriage vows, but for the duty she owed her child, who was the image of her beloved Eugene. This made her the victim of a principle stronger than even love, and compelled her to sacrifice her personal feelings and wife's devotion. She thus immolated herself to his welfare, and triumphed over that holiest of all things—fidelity to the dead. Truly she felt her heart was buried in her Eugene's grave, although she stood, a young bride for the second time, at the altar.

Haldimar, who had met her frequently before her first marriage, had been deeply impressed by her beauty and accomplishments, but the crowning charm in his eyes was the nobility of her character. Since her marriage he had never even seen her, and thus his very name was unknown to Colonel Morrell. Possessed of a calm nature and lofty intellect, perfect master of himself, he valued all the more the gentle qualities of the female heart; and the numerous charities and unostentatious acts of goodness that met him at every step, whenever he trod in the path of Marguerite, had given her, in his eyes, almost the aspect of a saint. When he heard of the villainy of her husband's younger brother, who ought to have been a protector instead of a robber, his indignation and sympathy induced him to call on her, to offer his advice and aid. This interview led to another, and, when turned by her inhuman relative out of her home, Mr. Haldimar immediately quitted his own splendid mansion, placed it at the disposal of the almost destitute widow, and commissioned a female friend to offer her his hand. The urgent solicitation of this lady prevailed, and the supposed widow of Colonel Morrell became the wife of Walter Haldimar the millionaire.

Devoted as she was to the memory of her first husband, she would have had little of the woman's tenderness in her soul had she remained insensible to the attentions of Haldimar. Immediately after his marriage he had adopted the little Eugene as his heir, and settled his fortune and estate upon Marguerite and her child. His ceaseless exertions to anticipate her wishes, to cheer her melancholy, but, above all, the deep respect he professed for the slain hero, were fast creating in her woman's bosom a feeling so powerful that at times it wounded her sense of duty, as though her growing affection for Haldimar was treason to the dead. A magnificent monument which he had caused to be erected to the memory of Colonel Morrell, on his supposed patriotic death, had also its full effect on the woman's grateful heart. Indeed, for hours they would both sit, with little Eugene on Haldimar's knee, discoursing of him whom they both firmly believed was a dweller in the tomb.

As Marguerite on this bright balmy morning was sitting looking out on the lawn before the window, she heard the sound of voices and the tramp of a horse's feet. In another instant Haldimar rode in sight, with her little Eugene placed before him on the saddle, returning from his morning ride. The arm of the stepfather was round the child's waist, and, as she caught the benevolent smile of the elder as he gazed upon her cherished treasure, an overpowering sentiment of gratitude for her generous protector sprang up in her heart, and she turned instinctively to look at his portrait, which occupied the place of honor in their favorite apartment. She started with the deepest emotion when she perceived that the picture of Haldimar had been removed, and that of Colonel Morrell put in its stead. The delicacy of the act was too much for her overwrought heart, and she burst into tears. At this minute her husband and her child entered the room, and to the gratified surprise of Haldimar she threw herself into his arms, and wept upon his bosom, as a daughter would on that of a father.

This spontaneous act of tenderness, so unusual and unexpected, and full of delicious promise for the future, that the noble-minded Haldimar was almost as deeply affected as the gentle woman herself. Pressing her to his heart, he inquired what had so powerfully agitated her, and upon her pointing to the portrait, Haldimar so far misunderstood her feelings, that he commenced to lament his misadventure, when a fervent kiss from the weeping woman assured him that her emotions proceeded from gratitude, and not from wounded memories.

When she had received the relief tears bring to the heart, they sat on the bench, with her head resting on his shoulder, holding her little Eugene's hand, and she felt within her soul a presentiment that her days were growing brighter, and that she yet might regard Haldimar with that chaste affection which resembles the sunset rather than the sunrise and noon of love.

After a short conversation, they breakfasted in a more cheerful frame of mind than they had hitherto enjoyed.

After the meal Haldimar proposed, as the day was so fine, a stroll along the banks of the river, but the child exclaimed, "Dear papa, let us go to the wood; Aunt Hortense is coming, and she is so fond of trees!"

The Aunt Hortense thus named was the only sister of Mr. Haldimar, and married to one of the richest merchants of New York. Nature seemed to have made her on purpose to show how completely brother and a sister can be unlike each other, for she was as mean, envious and vindictive as her noble-hearted brother was good. Rolling in wealth herself and childless, she beheld with a jealous, jaundiced heart the position which Marguerite occupied in her brother's affection, and the settlement of his estate upon little Eugene had made her regard them both as her natural and bitterest enemies. This sentiment she had carefully concealed from all, more especially Haldimar, well aware that the slightest manifestation of it on her part would insure her instant banishment from his house.

This not exactly suiting her purpose, being anxious to watch for opportunities of mischief, she always professed the utmost regard for Marguerite and her son, but notwithstanding her professions of attachment, Mrs. Haldimar, with the instincts of purity and truth, never felt at home in the society of her sister-in-law. Despite the latter's attempt to conceal her real nature, the clever foot of an intense worldly-mindedness, and malignity, would now and then peep forth, convincing Marguerite there was a positive gulf between their natures, which nothing could bridge over.

Haldimar himself felt the measureless inferiority of his sister to his wife, but all sincerity himself, he was completely deluded into the belief of Hortense's regard for Marguerite. Indeed, it seemed perfectly impossible to him that any one could know her without loving her.

When breakfast was done, Haldimar, with his wife and little Eugene, strolled in the grounds till they saw the carriage of Hortense approach the house.

After a short greeting, Haldimar escorted the party towards

Jones' Wood, which, adjoining their own grounds, was at once a favorite and convenient spot. Seldom has a finer day dawned on earth—there was a warm sunshine and a pleasant breeze. A few white clouds floated in the heavens, as though they were sentient forms enjoying the beauty of the universe. All was glad and bright—music seemed to dwell on everything—and, stranger still, for the first time since the departure of her husband on his ill-fated campaign, the heart of Marguerite seemed to enjoy a serenity almost amounting to cheerfulness. Eugene was at that tender age in which the memory loses its perceptions very rapidly and when the attention receives every object with avidity. Haldimar was more than usually animated, for he had never received so warm a token of his wife's affection as the little incident of the portrait had elicited that morning. Hortense was perhaps—the only blot on this happy hour and group. Pleasant was it to see the little fellow by the side of his stepfather, whose smile had already won its way into his child heart. The tenderness of Haldimar to Eugene, and her son's affection for him in return, was the dearest thought in that admirable woman's brain.

As they turned from the lane into the wood, they suddenly came upon a man whose tattered uniform showed the greatest poverty, and whose careworn face revealed the deepest misery. His unshaven face corresponded with his general appearance. He seemed the embodiment of a human wretch abandoned to die, unwept and uncared for. This man was Eugene Morrell—but so altered that even his own wife did not recognise him.

Not so with the wretched wanderer—he knew his wife at a glance, and when he saw the child, his own Eugene, he felt as though he only wanted to take him once more into his arms, bless him, and die. With a strong effort he kept himself down, as though with cords of iron; but the smiling face of his once idolized Marguerite was a torture to him, a thousand times more horrible than death! His imagination had pictured her mourning like Rachel, refusing to be comforted, and now he found she had not only rushed into a premature marriage without waiting to ascertain his fate, but had clothed her face in smiles. The sight of his child was more than he could bear, and the father's tenderness triumphed over the husband's indignation—he gave one convulsive sob, and, burying his face in his hands, the tears rolled unbidden down his swarthy face. Drawing his military cap over his face as far as it would go, he sat with his back to an old withered tree, himself a sadder ruin.

The sympathies of all were roused, even the cold, callous I'orpesse was touched; but upon Haldimar the effect was more practical. Approaching the wretched man, he commenced questioning him in the kindest tone. To all these inquiries Eugene maintained a dead silence; but, when wearied at his contemptuous indifference, Haldimar was about leaving him to his sullenness, and Marguerite approached, saying to Haldimar, "Let me speak to him, dear husband; the poor man may be ill!" And when the one so addressed, replied, "As you please, dear Marguerite!" no pen can portray the agony which these apparently simple words produced upon the soldier.

As the words "dear husband" came from those lips which had so long spoken lovingly to him, it seemed as though they must be addressed to himself, and he was half impelled to spring up, clasp the mother of Eugene to his breast and avow himself, when the recollection of her faithlessness returned and he was again the gloomy misanthrope burning with indignation and eager for vengeance.

"Gods!" he said to himself, "oh! the rapture of upbraiding her with her inconstancy, kissing my boy, and then killing myself at her feet!"

Little dreaming who the poor mendicant was, or what was passing in his mind, Marguerite stood before him, regarding him with the deepest commiseration.

The very uniform of a soldier gave him a sanctity in her sight, for in that dress her gallant husband had died, fighting for his country.

At this instant little Eugene ran up, saying, "Here, good soldier, here are some flowers for you—smell them, they will do you good—mamma tells me always to love soldiers, for my father, who is now in heaven, was a soldier!"

As he uttered these words the little innocent fellow put the nose into the soldier's hand.

The fountains of the unhappy man's heart were opened—he clasped the gift, caught the boy's hand, kissed it, and then placing the flowers in his bosom, buried his face in his hands and faintly sobbed.

Marguerite, perceiving his grief and connecting it very naturally with his evident destitution, took out her purse, and laying it on the knee of the man, said, "Accept this, my poor friend—here's a trifle to help you on your road!"

As though a serpent had stung him, Eugene was roused into a frenzy, and starting up, he cried, fiercely, "Curses upon your gold—it makes every woman faithless!"

Dashing the purse at her feet, he darted past them and disappeared.

(To be continued.)

A HARD STRUGGLE.

A DOMESTIC TALE, IN ONE ACT.

By Westland Marston.

As performed at the Lyceum Theatre.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MR. TREVOR, a rich farmer.

REUBEN HOLT, Mr. Trevor's ward.

FERGUS GRAHAM, a surgeon.

LILIAN TREVOR, betrothed to Reuben.

AMY, Mr. Trevor's orphan grandchild, aged thirteen.

Landy Lady of the Old Swan.

SUSAN, Mr. Trevor's maid-servant.

(Concluded from our last.)

SCENE I.

Room in the Old Swan at Uppingham. The open bay-window looks upon the road.

FERGUS GRAHAM and Landlady.

FERGUS. That will do, Landlady, that will do. Have the goodness to order me a fly at once.

LANDLADY (aside). Why, he don't ask after his change; and there's two shillings back out of his half-overcoat for the fly. I wonder whether it's good. [Testing the half-overcoat.] Yes, it is. Your change, sir.

FERGUS. Give it to your servant, my good woman; but do order the fly.

LANDLADY. Why, you'll be at the station an hour before the train, sir.

FERGUS. No matter. I wish to start at once.

LANDLADY (nervously). O, of course, sir, if you prefer the station waiting-room to the parlor of the Swan. Every gentleman has a right to his taste.

FERGUS (walking up and down). Motion! Action! I cannot bear to think. If it had only been that I mistook her feelings, and that she refused me, why that would have been a shock; but I could have endured it. I could still have honored her—trusted in her. But to be ordered from her presence so disdainfully—even fiercely—as if the best homage of my heart were an insult to her! [A pause.] And yet, she once so gentle—so fearful of giving pain! Is it possible that she can be so utterly transformed? Was it indeed disdain, or was it misery, that I read in her face? What if there should be some dark mystery—other than that she could be capricious and cruel. [Walking to the window, and looking out without gazing on him with a stern and fixed expression.] What's that? [After a pause, Reuben moves away.] That man's face quite livid me.

[He turns, and perceives Reuben, who stands with a menacing look at the door of the apartment, then looks it, takes the key, and walking steadily up to the table, confronts Fergus in silence.]

FERGUS (after a pause, with haughty calmness). You mistake a house of public entertainment for your private dwelling. Why have you locked that door?

REUBEN (speaking in a deep whisper). That you may not go out without my leave.

FERGUS (aside). The man must be insane. I'll deal with him firmly, but quietly. My friend, I must trouble you for that key.

REUBEN. Net yet. You're the young man who left Mr. Trevor's house a while back?

FERGUS. The same, sir.

REUBEN. You own it—the coward, who broke into a lady's presence, insulted her, shocked her by his violence!

FERGUS. Have a care. At first, I thought you a madman, and you have been safe; but there is coherence even in your falsehood. Do you dare—

REUBEN (breaking in). Do you dare—who stole in upon a woman alone, who laid hands on her till her cries of anger and fear were heard? Is it for you to say—care?

FERGUS. What do you mean?

REUBEN (brandishing his whip). Mean! To give you a lesson.

FERGUS. Stand back! I stand back! or you shall rue to your last hour that you ever raised your hand to Fergus Graham.

REUBEN (who drops the horsewhip and stands arrested). Who? who?—Fergus!

FERGUS. Leave the room!

REUBEN (going to the door, unlocking it, and returning). Stay! you're not—

—the young doctor who saved Lilian's life at sea?

FERGUS. My name is Fergus Graham; you should have asked it before.

REUBEN. Sir, I humbly, humbly entreat your pardon. You could not have insulted her. Yet she fainted in my arms as you went. How came that?

FERGUS. By what right do you ask?

REUBEN. By the right of one who has been bred up under the same roof with her; her playmate in childhood, her protector now—one who has the right of him apart.

FERGUS. Her brother! She has often spoken of you; but I thought you were abroad.

REUBEN. No, no; you mistake. I'm not, Fred.

FERGUS (courteously). Pardon me. I was not aware that Miss Trevor had a second brother.

REUBEN (aside, half amused). Why, I can't blab my heart's secrets to a stranger and say—I'm her lover. Let him call me what he likes.

FERGUS. Be seated, sir. And so she complained to you of my intrusion?

REUBEN. She—O, never! But she was head-bobbing from the house. You were seen to force her hand.

FERGUS. To take it. I will be frank with you. I sought your sister's hand for my own. Heaven knows with what reverence.

REUBEN (aside). He loved her, then—he loved her! Poor fellow, how could he help it? Mr. Graham, I feel for you. Take my hand—that is, if you can really forgive me.

FERGUS (shaking his hand warmly). Freely.

REUBEN. Yet I can't make it out. There could be no offence in an offer like yours. Yet why did she bid you begone?—why did she sink fainting into my arms?

FERGUS. Did it cost her so much, then? [Moves his chair nearer to Reuben, and continues in a low earnest voice.] Do not think me presumptuous; but I have dared to think—

REUBEN (authoritatively). Stop! I'll hear no more. I've no right to—

FERGUS (persisting). To think that, after all, Lilian may still love me.

REUBEN (compassionately). No, my dear fellow, you mustn't think that you misus'd, indeed.

FERGUS. I will never breathe that hope without warrant; but still—

REUBEN. No more, I beg. Sure, Lilian refused you?

FERGUS. Ay, but her agitation; her trembling form; her look of wretchedness, that I at first took for anger—

REUBEN. Again, I say. I've no right to your secrets.

FERGUS. Nay, you shall hear me. What if there should be some mystery?

REUBEN (laying his hand soothingly on Graham's shoulder). You mustn't give up to this. What mystery can there be?

FERGUS. Fathers, before now, have forced children to marry against their will.

REUBEN. Ah, that's not her case.

FERGUS. Or there have been—forgive the hope that would clutch at a straw—there have been such things as childish engagements—engagements made before the young heart knew what love meant; yet which a cruel—a false—

—husband's indignation—he gave one convulsive sob, and, burying his face in his hands, the tears rolled unbidden down his swarthy face. Drawing his military cap over his face as far as it would go, he sat with his back to an old withered tree, himself a sadder ruin.

The sympathies of all were roused, even the cold, callous I'orpesse was touched; but upon Haldimar the effect was more practical. Approaching the wretched man, he commenced questioning him in the kindest tone. To all these inquiries Eugene maintained a dead silence; but, when wearied at his contemptuous indifference, Haldimar was about leaving him to his sullenness, and Marguerite approached, saying to Haldimar, "Let me speak to him, dear husband; the poor man may be ill!" And when the one so addressed, replied, "As you please, dear Marguerite!" no pen can portray the agony which these apparently simple words produced upon the soldier.

As the words "dear husband" came from those lips which had so long spoken lovingly to him, it seemed as though they must be addressed to himself, and he was half impelled to spring up, clasp the mother of Eugene to his breast and avow himself, when the recollection of her faithlessness returned and he was again the gloomy misanthrope burning with indignation and eager for vengeance.

"Gods!" he said to himself, "oh! the rapture of upbraiding her with her inconstancy, kissing my boy, and then killing myself at her feet!"

Little dreaming who the poor mendicant was, or what was passing in his mind, Marguerite stood before him, regarding him with the deepest commiseration.

The very uniform of a soldier gave him a sanctity in her sight, for in that dress her gallant husband had died, fighting for his country.

At this instant little Eugene ran up, saying, "Here, good soldier, here are some flowers for you—smell them, they will do you good—mamma tells me always to love soldiers, for my father, who is now in heaven, was a soldier!"

As he uttered these words the little innocent fellow put the nose into the soldier's hand.

The fountains of the unhappy man's heart were opened—he clasped the gift, caught the boy's hand, kissed it, and then placing the flowers in his bosom, buried his face in his hands and faintly sobbed.

Marguerite, perceiving his grief and connecting it very naturally with his evident destitution, took out her purse, and laying it on the knee of the man, said, "Accept this, my poor friend—here's a trifle to help you on your road!"

As though a serpent had stung him, Eugene was roused into a frenzy, and starting up, he cried, fiercely, "Curses upon your gold—it makes every woman faithless!"

Dashing the purse at her feet, he darted past them and disappeared.

(To be continued.)

AMY. That made you happier!

REUBEN. Suppose so.

AMY. If it did make you happier—

REUBEN. Well; go on, darling.

AMY. O, that would hurt me. But—but—

REUBEN. Yes, yes?

AMY (stifling her sobs). I should pray to God; I should try to think how good you had been to me; how you ought to be happy. And if—if another pet made you so, I should give you up; and try—to love her for your sake.

[She weeps silently, and covers her face with her hands. Reuben kissing her fervently]. God bless you, darling! No fear, no fear!

[Amy goes out; Reuben then approaches Lilian.] Are you well enough, Lilian, to have a short talk with me alone?

MR. TREVOR (sharply). No, she's not. [Comes up to Reuben, and speaks to him apart.] Forgive me, Reuben; but she's really ill. For all she's so kind and does her best, it's plain she takes no interest in anything.

LILIAN (rising, and coming to them). Father, I am well enough to talk with Reuben. I wish it, I caust.

MR. TREVOR. Well, then know best, Lilian; but I maun't have the over-set or flurried [Aside.] She droops just as she did before she went abroad. And such grand things as I was planning for her! Ah, perhaps that's it. I've been proud and foolish. What if this should be for—*for a punishment!* [To Reuben.] Be very tender of her. She's all that reminds me of her mother!

LILIAN. Now, Reuben, you must tell me all. There has been no quarrel?

REUBEN. No, Lilian; rest content about that. But you mustn't stand [He places a chair and footstool for her; there's a breeze getting up. [Envelopes her in her shawl; then seats himself by her side.] Lily, I've something to say to you.

LILIAN. Yes, Reuben.

REUBEN. There have been a good many changes in this year, and more since you left us. You're changed a bit yourself. The girl's look is gone from you, Lilian!

LILIAN. Yes, I'm a woman.

REUBEN. We're always changing, I suppose. The games we played at when children don't amuse us now. Our tastes change; our likings change.

LILIAN. As we grow older.

REUBEN. It's what we must look for. You wouldn't wonder, then, if I was changed too?

LILIAN (after a pause). You would never change from being good.

[Gives out. Reuben (springing from the chair, thrwing up his hands, and speaking aside). Do not think of that book you were so fond of. [Draws forth the book produced in first scene, and shows it to her.] I often think of those young folks in the story who were engaged to each other, like you and me. Don't tremble so, or I can't go on.

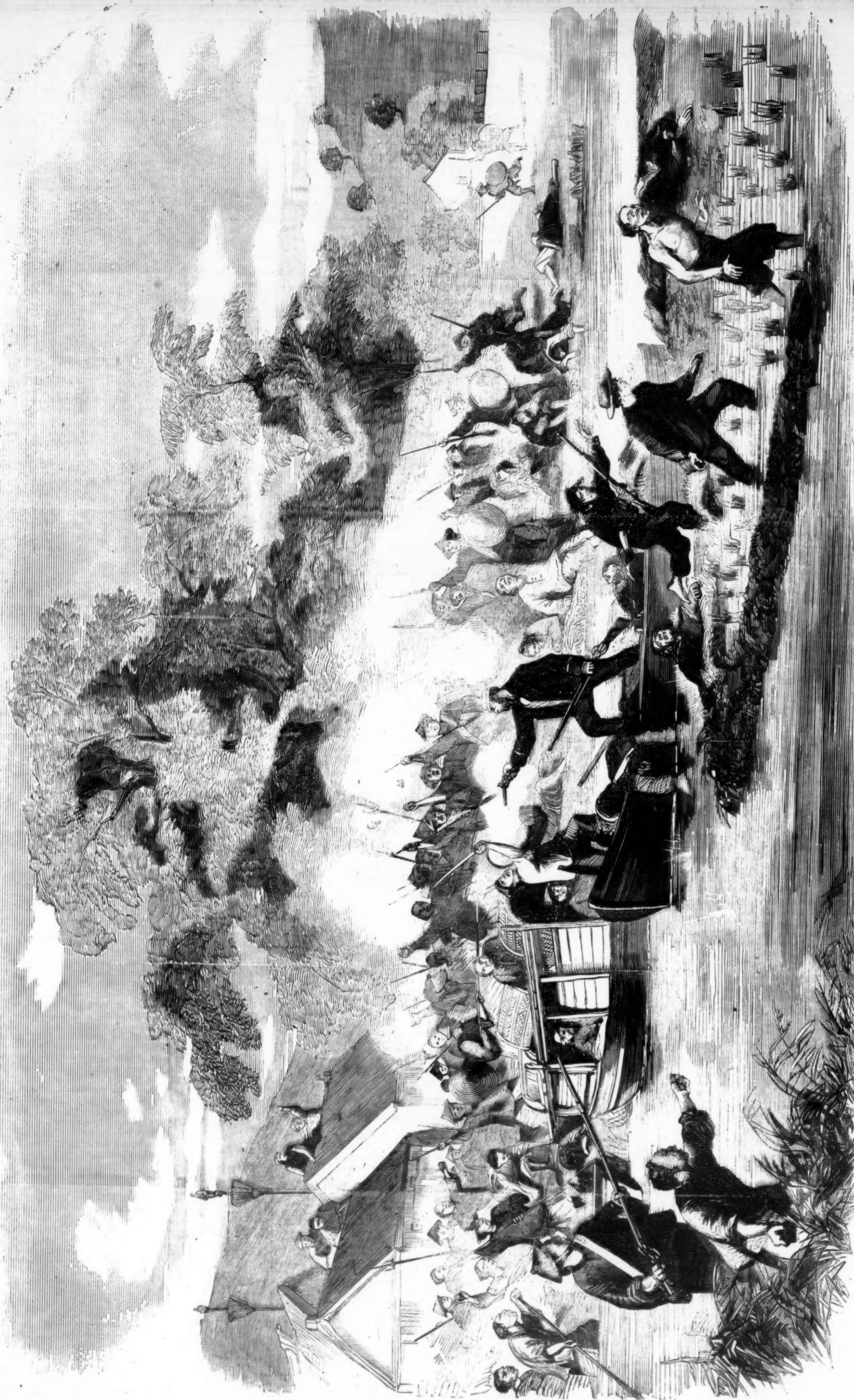
LILIAN (in a whisper). What about them?

REUBEN. Well, you see, they didn't know their own minds until they got separated. Then they both found that what they thought love was—a mistake.

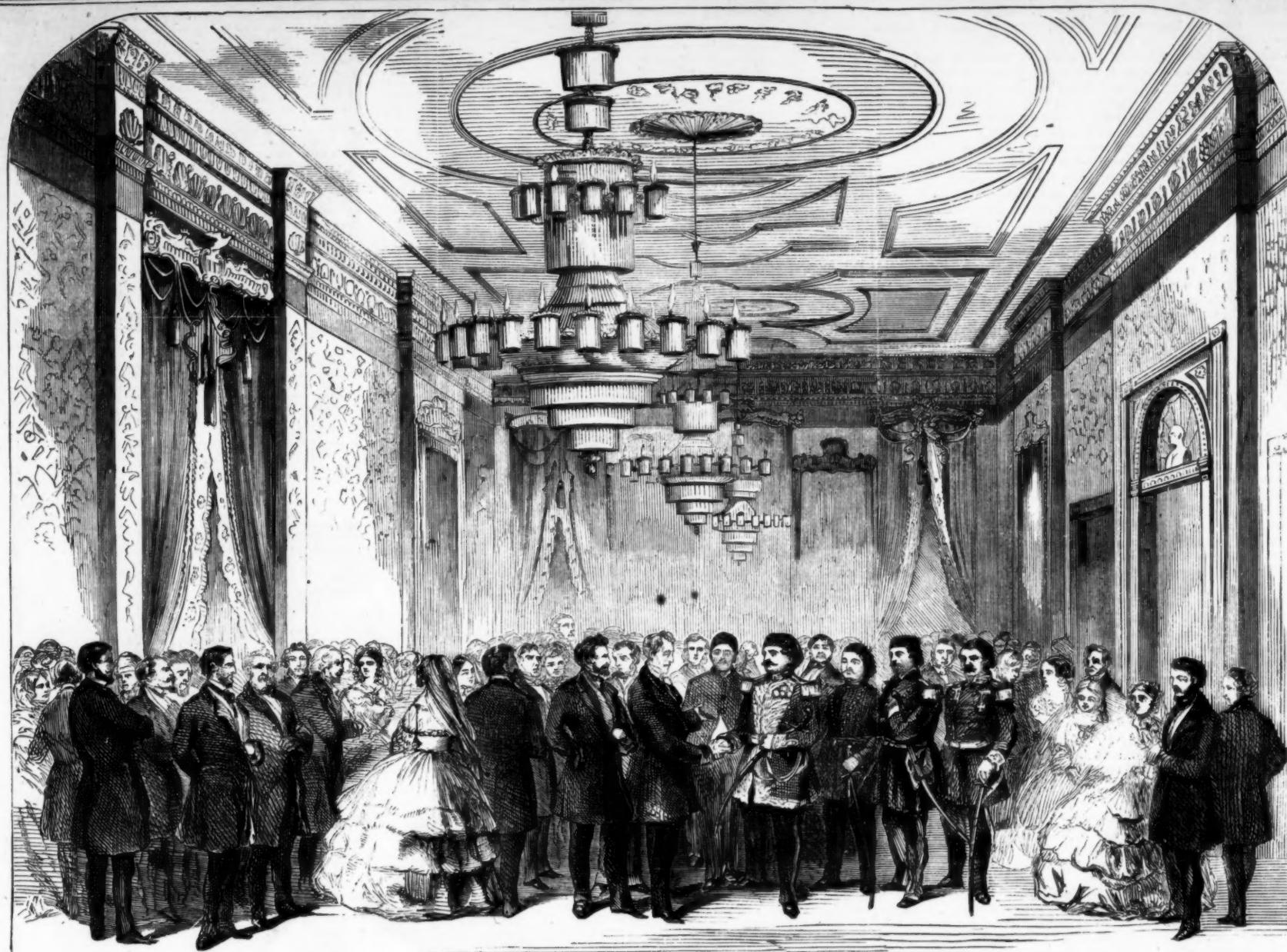
LILIAN. O, Reuben! What do you mean? [He remains silent.] Have pity on me—you don't know what hangs on it. You don't—you can't mean that you're changed to me?

REUBEN (springing from the chair, thrwing up his hands, and speaking aside). She's afraid of it! She's afraid of it! She loves me still! [Returning to her.] And would Lilian find it hard if Reuben was changed to her?

LILIAN (after a short pause, and turning away her face). Very hard! If he thought ill of her.



THE WAR IN CHINA—ATTACK ON THE "BANTERER'S" BOAT IN SAILAU CREEK, CANTON RIVER. SEE PAGE 277.



THE TURKISH REAR-ADmirAL AND SUITE AT THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON.

COL. J. WILLETT SPALDING, OF THE JAPAN EXPEDITION,

Author of "Japan," "Around the World," &c.

COLONEL SPALDING was born on the 21st of June, 1827, at Richmond, Virginia, with whose press he was connected for some time. In 1852 he was one of the officers on board the flag ship of the late Commodore Perry, and on the return of that ship to the United States in 1855, he issued from the New York press a popular volume giving the history of the Japan Expedition from the time of leaving our shores. The flag ship Mississippi not only made the entire circumference of the globe, but, during her absence, sailed a distance more than twice the circumference of the earth—over fifty-eight thousand miles. Travelling continually from west to east, those on board saw two days of the week of the same nomenclature come together—two Mondays on two 16ths of October, 1854, i. e., on reaching the 180th meridian of longitude in the Pacific. Colonel Spalding, during his absence from the country, was in almost every clime and under nearly every sun, having visited St. Helena, Madeira, South Africa, Isle of France, Ceylon, Straits of Malacca, Singapore, the ports of China, the Hawaiian group, Granada, California, Chili, Brazil, anchored twice in the Straits of Magellan in sight of Terra del Fuego, with Patagonian Indians around, and was in the Japanese Empire three times—once oftener than Commodore Perry, the latter having returned home by the Oriental route.

RECEPTION OF THE TURKISH ADMIRAL AND SUITE BY THE PRESIDENT.

On Friday, March 19th, the Turkish Rear-Admiral and suite were officially received by the President. The only persons present were Mr. Buchanan and his private secretary, the Secretary of State, the Admiral and his suite, J. Horsford Smith, Hon. J. M. Cross and E. H. Carmick, Esq., of New York. The visitors were received by the President at two o'clock, having first been formally introduced to the Secretary of State. The President said that it gave him great pleasure to offer the hand of friendship and hospitality to such a distinguished officer of the Ottoman empire. He assured him of a kind and friendly greeting from all true Americans, wherever he and his suite might go. He spoke of the friendly relations existing between the two governments, and did not doubt but this interchange of courtesies would go far to strengthen them.

The Admiral in reply expressed his gratitude for the kind feeling and honor

shown himself and travelling companions by the chief of so great a nation. He had been directed, he said, by the Sultan to be guided by the advice and direction of the President of the United States, and he desired to offer a souvenir in testimony of the high regard entertained by his imperial master. At the conclusion of the interview the President invited the Admiral and suite to dine with him on the following Wednesday, when the interview terminated, all parties expressing themselves highly gratified.

THE ATTACK ON THE BANTERER'S BOAT.

THE war in China, carried on by the allied forces of the French and English, affords material for many interesting incidents, among which are those relating to the attack on the Banterer's boat in the Sai-Lau Creek, Canton river. The gig of the Banterer gunboat left the vessel with a crew consisting of eleven men and the gunner, accompanied by Lieutenant-Commanding Bedford Pim, and a bumboat man as interpreter—in all fifteen.

The object of the expedition was partly recreation and partly information. It proceeded about a couple of miles up a winding creek, opposite High Island, and brought up near the town of Sal-Lau, thirteen thousand inhabitants, which the men-of-war's boats had visited previously. Two men were left in charge of the boat; the remainder landed. Nothing suspicious was observed, and the party passed quietly and unmolested into the town. A Celestial told our bumboat man that further up we should find a Mandarin located, which induced Lieutenant Pim to go in search of him. Upon arriving at the house the bird had flown, leaving behind him papers, books, hats and arms.

On quitting the house the men proceeded straight towards the boat, passing the usual crowd of natives, who did not show any signs of hostility. But just as they got in sight of the boat, they descried a number of "braves," backed by the populace, pelting the two men left in charge of the boat with brickbats. Lieutenant Pim, with some of his men, charged at this mob, and thereby made good the retreat of all the party to the boat; but no sooner were they in the boat than the enemy kept up a smart fire of jingalls, wounding one man in the leg; and they brought a small cannon to bear; the balls whistled over their heads, others struck the boat, and the brickbats fell like hail; the yells, screams and gesticulations of the infuriated mob were truly appalling. The boat's fire must have made some havoc, as the masses were so dense. The creek being both narrow and shallow, paddles were used to propel the boat, the Chinese continuing their attacks from the banks. The sailors, however, managed to keep their assailants at bay until they reached a point where a large tree and a group of houses, standing on the bank, afforded the enemy cover; the brickbats from the housetops and jingalls from the beach rained death and destruction. The gunner and two men were shot dead upon the spot, several also were wounded. Their sharp cries of agony were heartrending, as they received a bullet, or rather jagged slug, and dropped the paddle they were no longer able to hold. At length, losing the means of locomotion, the boat came to a standstill. During the whole of the above trying period Lieutenant Pim was standing on the top of the sternsheets of



COL. J. WILLETT SPALDING, OF THE JAPAN EXPEDITION.

the boat encouraging his men and occasionally shooting at the enemy. He had been wounded early, having been hit in six places.

Under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that the men who were able decided to leave the boat and try to escape an inevitable death (for these "braves" give no quarter), by crossing a paddy-field, at the edge of which they might be seen from the Nankin. But Lieutenant Pim refused to quit the boat, still standing up; he appeared to lead a charmed life amidst the thick hail of bullets. The interpreter, who had hitherto shown immense pluck, seeing all hopes over, set the example of plunging into the water, and gained the paddy-field; while the boat was soon deserted by all but the dead and Lieutenant Pim. The men who reached the paddy-field arrived at the river side, and waved a red sash to the Nankin as a signal of distress. At last they had the happiness of seeing the Nankin's boats pulling off to their rescue. Lieutenant Pim stuck to the boat to the last, firing away as hard as he could. At length the Chinese put off in their sampans, and he was compelled to retreat, using his last charge of powder to shoot their leader, which caused sufficient confusion to enable the gallant Pim to reach the paddy-field. The decapitation of the corpses took some time, and, thank Heaven! he was enabled to reach one of the Nankin's boats, although closely followed by braves the whole way. Thus, out of a party of fifteen, five were killed, six severely wounded—one since dead. The circumstances attending the fight were very awful, but most picturesque. The Nankin received the wounded, and treated all in the kindest manner.

The boats of the Nankin, with a party of marines, went up the creek and did a little "peppering"; but not a trace of our second gig was found, and only the headless trunk of one man was recovered in the paddy-field. He was immediately buried on High Island. The next morning Captain Stewart, of the Nankin, having in the meantime communicated with the Admiral, received his permission to attack Sai-Lau; and admirable arrangements being completed, he proceeded to shell the town, and then landed a party of marines and blue-jackets numbering about two hundred and fifty men. They met with a most determined resistance, but succeeded in forcing their way into the town. The Mandarin soldiers swarmed—the hills were covered—but a few well-directed shells from the Nankin astonished them, and prevented them cutting off our retreat, as was their intention. The blue-jackets then set fire to the place; but a Chinese town is rather difficult to destroy, the houses being well built of splendid gray brick, and the roofs being the only part combustible. However, the smoke rose high in the air, and the "brave army" came safely out of the conflict with only four wounded. The most melancholy part was to see the women, with small feet, trying to walk across the paddy-fields. They seemed to know that our men would not touch them, for they walked right past them. Some unfortunate children, likewise, having lost themselves, were wandering about without parents. The loss on the part of the Chinese must have been great, for they at one time charged us, but were checked by a well-directed volley, and put to flight at the point of the bayonet. It is a mystery how they manage to hit with their jingalls, for they always fire from the loin, and never from the shoulder. At the end of the creek, where they expected the English would land, they had erected a battery of tubs filled with mud, into which they had placed heavy jingalls and brass twelve-pounders. However, they were disappointed, for the English landed in an entirely opposite direction. Thus ended the day of the 15th of December, 1857. Next morning the Nankin went down to Hong-Kong with the wounded. A very comfortable place was arranged for them on deck with poles, from which their cots were suspended, the whole covered with canvas, making quite a cozy room of it. The "heroes" created quite a sensation in Hong-Kong. The Banterers were received on board the Hercules hospital ship, and are now doing well. Thus ended the memorable expedition of Lieutenant Pim, in which it is very evident that the unfortunate and innocent people of Sai-Lau suffered for the outrageous conduct of undisciplined soldiers and the mob for the time occupying the town.

MRS. SQUIZZLE'S JOURNAL—NO. 5.

Her Opinion of Church—Efforts to Convert Bew Cannon—Valentines Received and Sent by her Darter Sally Mari—Jabez Squizzle Disappears Mysteriously—The Widow is Deeply Grieved at her Loss.

LAST week went to church four days in procession, but I kant sa I like their manner uv worship here. The idea uv their mimickin the minister every time he undertook tu sa his prais! I declare if everybody in the church didn't go tu mumblin and mutterin and turnin over the leaves uv their books. It looked tu me as tho it was dun jest on purpose tu put him out uv countenance, and I expected tu see him fly oph in a pashun, but he kept as cam and collected as could be, and went on with his sermon as if nothin' at all had happened. I wish to goodness there was a few more sich even tempered men in the world. Muggins cum hum with me that nite (for he see I was alone), so I asked him about it, and he told me it was the custom in churches for the congregation tu repeat prayers after the minister. Ever since then I've had my book up before my face—for I kouldnt keep the place no how I could fix it—end made a sound resemblin distant thunder, and I reckon its arnsed the purpose; I feel as if I'd got about as much good as any uv em, but sich sarnments as is preachit here never amounts to nothin' no how.

I hants seen any body here that kould hold a kandle to Elder Berry, our Methodist minister. I just wish sum uv the wicked people here could hear one uv his tareic Methodist sarnments, I reckon some uv the unpolluted sinners would shake in their shews. When he first cum tu Konkapot folks didnt think he was eny great shakes uv a speaker, but I diskivered talent in him from the first, tho I didnt say nothin' about it at the time. The confluence they met, and gin him a license to exhaust, so he went around from one place to another exhaustin for about two years and a half, and then they made a circus minister a uv him, and he did a heay up good in our part uv the country. We lived about twenty rods from the church, and I've often took my nittin uv a Sunday afternoon and sat down in my own door and nit while I listened to his preachin, for I kould hear every word uv it just as plain as if Id been inside the church. He had a remarkably klear and distinct voice, and I alers fel revivified and strengthened arter listenin tu him. He's no inspecter uv persons, and dont preach nun uv your palaverin sarnments like ministers here. He just lets the truth cum out without lookin tu see who it will hit. I've bin a talkin with Muggins and Jabez, and they both think we'd better try and git him down here to preach one sarnment to Bew Cannon. For my part I kant feel to give him over yet. Folks tell about his bein a "hard old head," but I shant set him down as lost tills Elder Berry has gin him a trial; he's had controverys and sum galus old sinners in his day. I'd jest like tu see him git hold uv Bew Cannon.

Sally Mari has united with the church here. When she first spoke tu me about it I short I kould never give my konsent, but Ise since short the matter over, and after I found most all uv the upper krust were members, and that they allowed dansin and all sorts uv frolickins, I withdrew my objections. Sally Mari alers led the singin at the camp meetings and sich like up in Konkapot, and I told her, now that she had become a member at the church here, it was her duty tu let her voice out and assist all she kould. She said she didnt exactly understand the tunes, but she'd du her best; and she did, I reckon, for she entirely drowned out the sound uv that horrid old organ they use here. At the close of services I jined in singin the orthodoxy, and we all went home.

About nine o'clock in the evening a valiantine was brought to the door for Sally Mari. It was on very harm-one painted paper, well covered over with little winged "young ones" and flowers, and hats and darts, and there was considerable writin on the inside.

Read it aloud, sez I to Sally Mari, and she commenced; but warnt she hoppin mad afore she got thru. It was just the sassiest unsaintest thing I see rit, and Sally Mari shes took a copy of it and sent it to the *Phizze* to see if the editor cant discover the perpetrator uv the skandalizin verses.

TO SALLY MARI.

How sweet and welcome is the day,
When you, my friend, your powers display
By jumping, screaming, almost singing—
Oh, heavens! thy voice is ever ringing
In my poor persecuted ears.

And when to heaven your eyes you raise
In pretence of your Maker's praise,
"Tis, in good faith, but affection,
A mockery to consecration.
In vain, oh Sally, are your tears,
When like a duck in some mud hole
To heaven above your optics roll.

But well 'twas done; the farce was grand;
No gentleman could e'er withstand
Those touching strains; those ges'ures wild
Have many a young man's heart beguiled;
For your strange voice is ever quaking,
Showing both brains and lungs are lacking.
No massive ship e'er raised its sail,
No gaudy peacock spreads its tail.
With half the pride you seem to feel
When pitching for a sacred squeal.

JACK O'FLANNIGAN, Brown's Hotel.

As soon as Sally Mari had dun redin, she got up and started for her room. Where are you goin? sez I. I'm goin tu reply tu that, sez she; Ill let Mister Jack-who-ever he is to represent such ordacity. I see she was fary bilin over, so I sed nuthin more. She warnt gone over an our and a haf afore she returned with the followin verses. I short I should have dide a laffin when I red em. They was rit rite under the pictur uv a jackass. He had a hat crowded down over his hed and his long ears stickin up thru the crown, wore a Shangey eote, and walked on his hind legs, carryin a kahn.

JOHN O'FLANNIGAN, JUST FROM SWATH IRELAND.

For music, Jack, you have an ear,
That everybody knows, for here
In Brady's lifelike photograph
Your ears take up the greater half.

And now my kind advice I'll give
That you may henceforth quiet live;
Ne'er try to change what nature's made,
No Jack can talk that's ever Brayed.

You shoudnt sport hat, coat and cane,
Dear little Jack, for, 'tis in vain,
A poor despi's d beast you are
In spite of everything you wear.

Don't try to speak, I know it all,
And pity you, poor animal,
In vain to hide those ears you try,
A Jack you've lived—Jack you'll die.

After Id dun redin, Sally Mari warnt long in directin and sealin and sendin it around to Brown's hotel, and I reckon Mister Jack O'Flannigan will send his valintines to sumbody besides Sally Mari Squizzle after this.

Shees bin very attentive tu church when there's been bin no other duins, and I takes nearly every blessed minit uv my time tu kepe Sally Mari close in repaire and kepe her in a fashionable rig.

Jabez got invortions tu a fashionable hop at the National tother nite, and tho I havnt bin able tu hop any grate distance since I hed the inflammable reumatiz, I short it was best tu go on Sally Mari's account.

New fashions is turnin up here every da. Wimmen hev took tu shavin oph their eyebrows and paintin themselves all sorts uv colors; but I told Sally Mari that I didnt see no use in shavin hers oph, they were so lite; so I jest let em remain and painted em over black, and I gave her cheeks and lips an extra shade uv red, and, after paintin her neck and arms, I jes' covered em with littel crinklin lines uv blue that loked fur all the world jest like blue veins. She wore a sky blu silv uv a mazarine shade, and I short it very becomin; but Jabez sed it didnt corispond with her complexion at all, and if she was a goin with them er black half moons on her forward, Id better paint her hair black tu and make a finis uv it; but I woudnt think uv duin that. The contrast was strikin and butiful, and I jest told Squizzle he could rig himself up in whatever stile he liked and I shoudnt interfere, but I shoud dre-s myself and my darter as my own taste and judgment dictated. I reckon that man will find out after awile that it arnt much use fur him tu talk tu me.

We went over to the hotel in purty good season, and I kept my eye out, but I didnt see no heppin dun the hul evenin. After a time they began to dance, and Sally Mari hadn't danced but two or three figers when she got into a powful perspiration uv sweat, and the black, red and blu paint all run together over her face and neck. She was an orful site tu behold, and some uv the ladies there put on ares, and tried tu make a great ade about ignorant people daubin their fases with paint. I heard their slants and slurs for a mint or two in silence, then I spoke up a purpose so as everybody in the room mitte here me, and sez I, I reckon if some uv these are wimmin that is makin these remarks about my darter should git up and dance three or fore times in procession, theyd be in a plagued site worse kondition than what she is. If her black eyebrows and red cheeks does rub oph, shes got natral ones under, and that more than some uv you ken sa.

Youd better believe there wasnt anything more sed by the wimmin; some uv the fellers around there kind uv laffed and winked tu me tu go on, but I didnt pa no attention to em. I got Sally Mari up into the dressing-room as quick as I could, and went tu washin oph her face and neck in good strong soap suds; but the I rubed for half an our steady I kouldnt git the stains oph, and Sally Mari was a mind to go rite home, but I told her she should not think uv it; I made her go back jist to show folks that she want all paint and that some had in-inivated.

When we got home from the party Jabez he began to find fault with me fur the accident that befel Sally Mari, said I was makin a perfect laffin stock uv her, and she should never with his consent appere in public with paint on her face agin.

I jest walked strait up in front uv him, and sez I, Squizzle, whos asked your konsent, or who do you expect calkylates to ask your konsent? I've got into a fashionable society here, and I intend tu keep up with em, Squizzle or no Squizzle. I dont want tu be under the necessity uv tellin you agin tu tend tu your own consarnes and let mine alone, neither. Id like tu know what a man knows about wimmin dressin, or what busness he has a meddlin with sicta things? You dont hear uv no real genuine gentlemens doin it; its only ignorant fellers like you that go a henusyayn around a tryin tu pick flaws in their wives doins jest tu git up a family jar.

Jabez he crowded his hat down on his hed and gathered up his koat skirts all redy for a start, and then, sez he, I suppose you wimmin would cut oph your heads, if it was fashionable.

Yes, sez I, and if I had such empty cranium as you have, I'd cut it oph whether it was the fashion or not. I reckon it woudnt be missed much.

Squizzle vamoed before I had a chance to say more, but hell find I havent dun with him, if he undertakes to give directions agin about my dressin Sally Mari.

Hes about the unreasonabilist man in existence, and I dont believe there another woman that could hav lived with and got along with him as I hev dun.

I alers was uv a retirin wa and sweet disposition; from a child up I alers sought to avoid quarrels and live peaceable, and Squizzle he takes advantage uv it every opportunity that offers.

It is only in the most desperate cases—like the present instance—that I ever open my bed tu reply tu him, and then I short just as few words as possible. My mother alers sed it was my disposition to bear and forbear, and I reckon Sally Mari is goin to be just like me.

Jabez, he never cum back the whol indurin nite, and I never shot my eyes tu sleep a thinkin what it was best tu sa tu him when he did cum.

I go up early the next mornin and kalled Sally Mari, and we waited till ten o'clock; but he didnt cum, and then I sent black Sam up the avenu tu see if he couldnt get some kind uv a clew to his whereabouts.

Sam is a nowin nigger, and no mistake; he warnt gon over hav an our afore he returned out uv breth with the terrible news that ther was a gwin to be a dwel.

Iz Jabez consarned in it? sez I.

Kant sa, sez he. Ie looked all about town, but kant find nuthin uv him.

Shure, sez I, there no danger uv his ever fightin a dwel; Ie seen him run before now to git out uv the site uv a pistol. I reckon hes to Muggins.

No he arnt, sez Sam; fur I jisted made a stop thar and inspected the premises as I kum along; and Muggins has bin gon all nite too, and his wife is in a terrible takin. The very fust thing she sed wen she see me was tu ask if her husband was over here?

Over here! sez I. What upon airth das she think I want uv Muggins? Shed better be kareful what she sez, tho; her tongue wont never hurt my karrieter, for its tu firmly established tu be injured by a poor, miserable, gossipin critter like her.

Thats just what I told her, sez Sam, and she flew intu an orful passion and undertuk tu turn me out uv dores, but I tuk the hint, and kum tu quick fur her.

I shoudnt wonder if the old hippercrit had got Squizzle sekreated sumwhere about her house now, sez I. Id go out and make sum inquire about the dwel, the Ie no kind uv an idea Jabez has spunked up to fight in his old aye.

Sam sed it would be the best thing I could do, for hed felt all the mo. min jist as if sumthin was a goin tu happen.

So I tithed on a black bonnit and val, which I had made tu order when Squizzle mother died, and Ie kept it in the house ever since thinkin it mite kum in fu for I tithed it would mor respectful like tu appear in black fust if anything had happened to Squizzle.

I hadnt gon but a few blocks from the house afore I met sum ruff lookin fellers, and I see at once, from the wa they went swaggerin along, that they were M.C.s. So, thinks me, I'll just stop em and ask about the dwel, for Ie tithed heard it set when ther any fitin tu be du they all no it, and are redy to stan I and see fair pla.

I drawed my black val down over my face, and my voice trembled (I kouldnt stedy it to save my life when I short uv Squizzle in danger), as I asked one uv the fellers if it was tru that a dwel was to be fought.

Spect it is, sez he.

Can you tell me if there's a gentleman by the name of Squizzle engaged in it? sez I. I had to try three times before I could say Squizzle, I was so agitated.

Spect there is, sez the feller.

Nobody can have no sort uv an idea what a powerful sensation uv grief cum over me when I heard that.

I kum mighty neer faintin ded awa, but jest then a light breeze sprung up,

and that brought me tew, and I sat down and growned fur sum time before I could consecrate my thorts, to no what it was best fur me tu du first.

Now, Squizzle never was no kind uv a shot; he kouldnt fire oph a gun without tremblin and jumpin three yards, hav skeered to deth at the report; and takin all these things into re-consideration, I made up my mind he kouldnt stand no kind uv a chance uv cumin out victorious. I considered him jest as good as ded the minit I heard he was ingaged in the affra, and nobody that hant gone through it kan tell with what ad agony uv heart breakin sobs I weid my way tu a dry goods store, tu purchase a suitable dress fur the occasion.

I kum mighty neer losin my consciousness when the kark laid sum peases uv black bumbyses before me, but my self-posession returned when he named the orful price uv three dollars.

Now, there is some low, unprincipled karks who take advantage uv women in deep affection, and tuck on an orful price on mourin goods. But I never got so deep in trouble yet but what I new when I was imposed upon, and I short told em I warn't goin to pay three dollars a yard fur no black dress, fur it would be uv no arthly use tu wear tu partys and sich like, on account uv the color; and when a body had done mourin, it would hev tu be throw aside, good fur nuthin.

The kark sed they sold more uv that article than eny other, fur sick purposes, and he'd warrant it to outwear eny other mourin goods in market; fur his part, he short it would prove the cheapest goods in the long run, and there was never no tellin, after a body onsets put on a black dress, when they would take it oph. Fur his part, he considered life at the present da a very unsartain thing.

That was a new view uv the kase, and after thinkin on it for a time I concluded Id foller his advise and take the three dollar peace uv bombazin, so the kark measured it oph and after selectin a couple uv black bordered pocket handkerchers fur me and Sally Mari, I hurried him and set Sally Mari to work hemmin the handkerchers to have em ready against the body was brought him.

She said she short I was in considerable uv a hurry, and it mite turn out after all to be a mistake. Sally Mari never did have much uv an idea havin things in readiness fur whatever may happen, and I told her so. I've talked a great deal tu her about bein prepared for emergencies and having things handy in the house; I've had my ideas on the subject ever since I went tu hear the Tooleys played at Burton's.

Sam, in a fit uv consternation, went flyin about the city fur the remainder uv the day in search of Jabez, but he neither found him nor heard tidings of him, and at nite he cum home so excited that he was unable to walk strate.

I kept tu work most uv the da on my dress, and when nite cum on and Jabez didnt return I made up my mind he was dun gone entirely, and Sally Mari she begun to think—sure enuf—that we should have use for our mourin handkerchers. All that nite and the next da was spent by Sally Mari and me with closed shutters in the solitude of our chamber, with jest a little crack uv light tu see by, and Sam havin somewhat recovered by a nite rest tied black crapes on the door handle and started oph tu see what he could hear. My strength held out jest long enuf tu git my black dress dun and on, and then I gin out entirely. Sally Mari was orfully frightened at my appearance, and she sent post haste for the doctor. When he cum he sed my malady was somethin he didnt exactly understand, but he short without doubt I was laborin under an abbreviation uv the mind, and he gave me a quieting anecdote, and not down to see how it afflicted me. Every time the door opened I stood in a whisper, hez he cum? and Sally Mari declares solemnly they are the only words that passed my lips for twenty-four hours. I lay in a precious state for sum time, and the doctor sed it woudnt do tu admit callers tu my room, for there was a general rush tu our house, and all my acquaintances, on finidh it was impossible tu see or sympathize with me

Raphael could suddenly create, as by a magician's wand, a good historical oil painting, every part of which necessitated accurate and arduous study; one, moreover, that was to be of large dimensions, it required weeks and months to finish, and weeks and months produced a mighty change during that epoch.

Whilst the young artist labored at his easel, a new political spirit had gradually supplanted the first republican ardor, if not with the nation, at least with the king, who already had exchanged his umbrella for insignia of a decidedly more regal kind. Nothing daunted, Senties worked on, sustained by hope and encouraged by the friends who daily visited his *atelier*, among whom were several who belonged to the court of Louis Philippe. He was poor, and often he had not as many sous as would buy him a pair of kid gloves to wear at night in the circles of the great, where, although the son of a legitimist, he was ever a welcome guest. Frequently he had to borrow money to procure the necessary pigments and materials. At length, the great work was completed, and, with feverish expectation, Senties looked forward to the next exhibition at the Louvre, the result of which he felt persuaded would amply compensate him for his long endurance, for his many privations. The picture was favorably received by the Committee of Art, and was advantageously placed among the thousands of new productions which adorned the magnificent gallery. The day arrived, and, with a palpitating heart, fluctuating between hope and misgivings, Senties betook himself to the royal palace.

The galleries were crowded; some came to view the paintings, but the majority to see the expected royal visit. Surrounded by a brilliant suite, Louis Philippe appeared, and made his round through the various apartments, stopping before the pictures which attracted his particular notice. Several artists were called by name to be presented to the king—some to be decorated as Knights of the Legion of Honor, others to be informed that the king had purchased their pictures. All the while poor Senties followed his majesty from room to room, and when they approached the spot where his own picture was hung, his anxiety became so intense that he could hardly breathe. How great must have been his disappointment and mortification when he saw the king pass on without even seeming to notice a painting of which yet he must doubtless have heard, it having been long known among the picture lovers of Paris. Senties stopped short, and remained for a long while as if rooted to the floor—he had fallen from the heaven of his fondest hopes, and darkness and despair stood threatening before him. The king left, the crowd diminished, and, at last, Senties, also, with uncertain, leaden steps, descended the broad marble stairs of the palace. In his gloomy mood, he was scarcely conscious of being accosted by a gentleman in uniform, who had overtaken him on his way. This was one of the king's ministers by whom Senties was well-known, who, in fact, had, when Senties commenced his work, promised to use his influence in the young artist's favor. Sorry to find Senties in such a state of profound dejection, of which, however, he well knew the cause, he spoke soothing words to him, assuring him that it was not want of merit in the picture, but its subject, which already was considered dangerous to the government of the day, that made it impossible for the king to notice it. Poor consolation this to the mortified, penniless man. Nay, if anything could have added to the painful sensations that overwhelmed him, it was the very excuse urged by the minister—Louis Philippe afraid to be reminded of the Three Days! The nation had then again shed its blood in torrents for a mere phantom, and not for liberty! He himself, when fighting on the Pont Neuf against the soldiers of Charles X., had risked his life in vain.

All was then lost—his own hopes and his country's. It was not to be endured. He parted from the Minister with a settled purpose in his mind; that purpose was to put an end to an existence that had lost all its charms. This point decided, it only remained to determine the manner in which he was to make his exit from this valley of torment. Was he to call to his aid the friendly waters of the Seine, that seemed to invite him to their embrace, as they swiftly rushed past the quay on which he paced? or was he to invoke solace from the fumes of the copper-pan filled with charcoal? or should he borrow a pistol (for he had none himself) as the most speedy means of self-destruction? Perplexed by the variety that presented itself to his imagination, he rejected and chose, and rejected again, but was not able to come to a final determination. At length he wisely resolved to postpone the whole matter till the following day, and the night being far spent, he wended his steps to his solitary lodgings.

M. Senties, when narrating these facts to us, forgot to mention whether he could sleep that memorable night, or whether he lay awake in his bed in gloomy meditations. So much is certain, when daylight dawned, a new idea had burst upon him. Die he would; on this point he was unchanged! but not ingloriously by his own hand, but on the battle-field—on the sunburnt plains of Algeria, where Abd-el-Kader was still unconquered, and where the bones of thousands of Frenchmen were already bleaching. Marshal Bugeaud, who was at that time Minister of War, had been a friend of his father, and to him he would apply for an appointment, if ever so humble, in the army of Africa. Having made a careful toilette, he hastened to the Marshal's hotel, and requested an audience. The Marshal received him kindly, and listened patiently to the narrative of his griefs, as well as to the statement of his extravagant intentions. He knew and appreciated Senties' talent, and was not surprised that a young man of ardent temperament should feel deeply hurt and disconcerted at a first reverse, which to him must appear as terrible as it was unexpected. But he also felt convinced that the paroxysm would soon pass over, and that if the despondent artist could once be made to recommence painting, his genuine love for the art would soon come to his rescue, and he would eventually work out his own success. "Mon ami," he said to him, "I would be most happy to serve you; but one thing I will not do, and that is, to make myself an accomplice to a moral suicide. Think better of the matter. I will not give you an appointment, but I cannot prevent you from enlisting. Should you be foolish enough to do so, in that case you shall have so much of my protection as a common soldier can expect. In the meantime, you stand in need of exercise and recreation. One of the gentlemen present will do me the favor to accompany you on a walk." With this he whispered something to an officer who stood beside him, and this gentleman, bowing to Senties, politely requested permission to be his company for the remainder of the day.

They left the hotel together, and engaged in lively conversation, which mainly turned upon the all-engrossing subject that agitated Senties' mind, they perambulated the principal streets, visited the bazaars, the cafés, the gardens of the Tuilleries, and at last, as if by chance, passed one of the military hospitals, which the officer proposed to enter. Here, on an endless row of couches, lay stretched the attenuated forms of suffering human beings. Several had lost an arm, others a leg, one poor fellow had half of his face shot away, and the squalor of many a countenance told of approaching death. Particularly to one who, like Senties, had never visited a hospital, it was certainly a horrid, sickening sight. The officer entered into conversation with several young men who appeared convalescent, and asked them where and how they had been wounded. They had all fought and been wounded in that very Algeria which was for the present uppermost in Senties' thoughts. The bulk of them had been drafted into the army as conscripts. But there were also volunteers; of these, some had become soldiers for the sake of glory and promotion; others, again, had gone to Africa, who, like Senties, wished to find in death a cure for some severe disappointment. But they had not found death; they had, instead, had their bodies crippled, and had gained nothing but the prospect of lingering out, perhaps many years of a painful existence. As Senties listened, his resolution faltered more and more; and when he had heard the last sufferer speak, the idea of Algiers was entirely abandoned. He left the hospital an altered man, and the good Marshal's rule had thus succeeded. Once more hope sprung to his heart; he would again apply himself heart and soul to his cherished vocation; he would work steadily and conscientiously, and he might still succeed—he might still be happy.

But not in Paris would he remain; the companions of his early independent life were not to be the witnesses of his struggles. To the artist's paradise—to sunny, classical Italy would he go—to Italy, with her monuments of departed mighty ages—with her rose-tinted landscapes, her fantastic mountains and picturesque men and women—with her treasures of medieval art. There he would revel in study, till some day he might return to his beloved native land an honored and celebrated master.

Senties' intended journey to Italy soon became known among his friends. It so happened that one of them had two saddle horses to send to Lyons, a city on Senties' way, and he proposed to Senties

to make the route so far on horseback, accompanied by a groom. In those days France was without railways, except a short one between Lyons and St. Etienne. In the west and south there were excellent macadamised roads, over which it was a pleasure to travel in a *malpote* drawn by four shaggy and small but ever galloping horses; but in the north and east the causeways were paved with cobblestones and flanked by interminable rows of stiff poplars, and a journey on them by the lumbering *diligence*, or even by the mail, was tedious in the extreme.

Senties therefore availed himself with pleasure of his friend's offer, and in a few days he was on the road. Avoiding the highroad as much as possible, he struck into the verdant country, lingering wherever an attractive spot invited to repose or admiration, or wherever outline or grouping of objects, or light effects gave scope to his pencil. It was a fortnight before he arrived at Lyons, which by public conveyance he might have reached in two days; but taking into account what he had enjoyed, it was a favorable exchange. It is in the country that the artist should from time to time recruit his imagination; it is from the ever-varying models of which Nature is so profuse that he should gather in the stores on which his genius is to feed.

As if in proud defiance, partly situated on a steep rock, stands the beautiful city of Lyons, looking down upon the rivers Saône and Rhône, which at her feet mingle their waters. Alas! Lyons had but too obstinately defied the National Convention of the first revolution, which in return decreed terrible punishment on her citizens, who were shot down with grapeshot by thousands.

Here Senties found a cordial welcome in the house of an old officer, who had been one of his father's most intimate friends. Introduced in the best society the city possessed, among men and women of elegance and refinement, his time slipped away so agreeably that he remained in Lyons three weeks beyond the time he had at first intended. At last he made serious preparations for his departure. He had already taken leave of his many new acquaintances, and was to start on the following day, when, after one of his usual friendly chats with his hospitable host, the latter said to him, "By the by, my dear Senties, you have not yet painted my portrait, which most certainly I must have before you go." "Had you only asked me before, my estimable friend," answered Senties, "I would have painted you with infinite pleasure; but what can I do now, when my place in the diligence is taken; and what is of more importance, when all my materials are already sent away?" "Never mind your materials; if you cannot paint me in oil, take chalk, charcoal or anything you like; but have my portrait I must."

There was nothing for Senties but to obey. He had occasionally amused himself by drawing in black crayon, but he had never attempted a portrait in it. He would try; but he did not at all feel certain that his artistic talent would be sufficiently great to help him at once to overcome the difficulties of a new material. To the great satisfaction of his friend, but still more to the surprise of himself, he succeeded most admirably. What he produced was not only perfect as a likeness, but a masterpiece of art in expression, effect and finish.

Whilst the delighted old gentleman who was the subject of this drawing was still busy with thanks and praises, one of the fashionables of the city happened to call, who, as soon as he got a sight of the portrait, joined the officer in exclamations of satisfaction. He begged so long that Senties could not refuse to take his portrait also. In a few hours this was accomplished, and with equal success.

In ecstasy with the good looks of his facsimile, the dandy hastened away to exhibit that very evening to the *beau monde* in the half dozen parties for which he was engaged, this specimen of the eminent talent of their recent acquaintance, the young Parisian artist. This incident was decisive in its consequences; it was the turning point of Senties' fortunes, for beginning from the following day, he was crowded with orders; and when eventually, after the lapse of four months, he did take his departure from Lyons, he had finished not less than four hundred portraits. At first he charged sixty francs for each; but having after a short time acquired such facility that he could produce eight portraits in one day, and possessing sufficient shrewdness to perceive that an artist's cheapness increases its consumption, he reduced his price to twenty-five francs, to which he has ever since adhered. He thus of a sudden stepped from poverty into comparative affluence; he could henceforth rely on an abundant income: but it was not in this respect alone that he had reached the turning point of his fortunes, his whole career was changed. If, in a common sense view, it was pardonable, nay, wise in him to have preferred what must be termed a lucrative business to furnishing on the slow and toilsome road to that highest order of talent to which he had once aspired—still he had become untrue to his first love; for portraits, though ever so exquisitely executed, do not rank in the highest class of art, to which historical painting alone belongs. Nevertheless, his genius, though its wings were clipped, manifested itself sufficiently in the style he had chosen to make him a celebrated artist.

His portraits distinguish themselves by the poetry of their conception. He had the rare faculty, without flattering, to seize the best expression a person was capable of. They are so perfect of their kind, these portraits, that they adorn a room and are pleasing to look at, even by those who do not know the originals. Nor did he entirely neglect whatever of art that was not portraits. In Rome, in Florence, in Genoa, whenever he was free from business engagements, he would sketch landscapes and figures from Nature, or copy in the galleries, though not in oil, for which he never had sufficient leisure. There is not a court in Italy where some of his works are not to be found. He could boast, in 1839, when the author of this article met him in Florence, that he had drawn the portraits of most of the members of both the, at that time, exiled dynasties of France; of the Bourbons, including the Duke of Bordeaux, and of the Napoleons, among whom, probably, was the present Emperor himself. But it was not by the crowned heads that he was most liberally paid. The late King of Sardinia, before concluding to order an album containing all the portraits of his Order of St. Joseph and Lazarus, made particular inquiry if it were true that Senties charged no more than twenty-five francs each; and the Grand Duchess of Tuscany made her lady of honor pay him for the portraits of her children in gold, strictly calculated at the exchange of the day. Private individuals frequently treated him with more generosity; the Baroness de Rothschild, for instance, though thinking of her husband's wealth, she can scarcely be called a private individual, gave him fifty guineas for her portrait and for a few lessons in drawing.

Senties had unassuming, gentlemanly manners, and possessed a cultivated, philosophical mind. He was not parsimonious, for—to his honor be it said—he entirely supported an old relative, who lived in France; but he was saving in his expenditure, and, if he be still among the living, he must, by this time, have amassed a considerable fortune. If he is wealthy and happy he deserves both, for he is, in every respect, a worthy fellow.

N. ROCMA.

SKATING ON JAMAICA POND, BOSTON.

By January Scarle.

SKATING is the most exhilarating and delightful of all our winter pastimes and exercises. It is superior even to sleighing, and far more healthy and exciting than this sport, dear as it confessedly is to us Northern people. Everybody loves it, too, whether he can skate or not; and it is pleasant to see how old and young, fathers and grandfathers, daughters and granddaughters, lovers, brothers and bachelors turn out into the cold, biting air, and walk over the snow-paths to some neighboring pond, where hundreds are perhaps already assembled, to enjoy with them the glorious privilege of sweeping over the ice with flying feet. Beautiful and delicate girls, who shiver on ordinary days at the thought of an east wind or a rough Borean nor'-wester, now forget all these flower-like sensibilities, and donning their furs and mittens, with skates in hand, rise suddenly and bravely to the dignity of ice and heroism. No weather, however arctic, can keep them indoors when the frozen pond, clear of snow, calls to them from his lonely bed amongst the leafless trees. And no doubt he is well pleased to bear them upon his bosom, and hear their merry laughter ringing like music in the clear, cold air above him. There is something charming and graceful, too, in the tributary presence of beautiful maidens at these winter courts of Nature.

It is not fair that summer should have all the glory to itself, and all human love and homage. Flowers, birds, sunshine, and the rich, luxuriant Flora of our beautiful country, at that season, are surely adornments enough for it. But winter, brave and magnificent as it is in its glittering apparel of ice and snow, seems to call aloud for sympathy, as if heaven had abandoned it, and needs men and women to set it off; especially the latter, who then stand in the place of the summer flowers, and make us forget them.

The old Bay State is famous for its fair skaters, who are often real proficients in the art. The country is full of noble sheets of water, and nearly every town and village in it has its pond, large enough, in most cases, to be worthy of the name of lake. An European would not scruple thus to designate Jamaica Pond, for example, which is situated within half an hour's ride of Boston by the cars, and is more than two miles in circumference. Here, in summer, the modern Athenians resort for the cool air, and the pleasures of pic-nicing on its banks amongst its tall and shady trees. Here, also, the wealthier citizens spend the summer months in their villas overlooking the pond; now fishing on its waters, and now floating over them in pleasure boats; or rambling in the cool of the evening down the green lanes and through the fragrant pine woods in the neighborhood. And here, likewise, at this season of the year, now that the pond is frozen over, thousands of persons from Boston, Roxbury, Brookline and other adjacent places, assemble to enjoy the festivities of the win' er. We paid it a visit the other day, and saw at least five thousand people taking their holiday and pleasure upon it, whilst the shores were covered with spectators. Groups of ladies were assembled here and there, some sitting and some standing on the banks, watching the gay and animated scene before them. Here the foot of a pretty girl clasped in some lover's, brother's or friend's hands, and resting on his knee, was being shod in iron, preparatory to the perilous venture of launching the fair owner of the same upon the glassy ice. Further on, some valiant Amazonian, to whom skates were as sandals, was buckling on her own war gear, and in a few minutes, without the aid of gentle or simple, she made her way down to the pond, and floated off like a swan. She was a fine skater, and we watched with pleasure the grace, and freedom, and beauty of her movements. So admirable a person, of so exquisite a figure, and such perfect art in her evolutions, seemed to marry motion to music, beauty and poetry, and indeed to embody and represent them all. Away she swept, through lines of human beings, making dense masses separate to let her pass, and attracting all eyes after her.

Every one seemed to be enjoying himself with that excess of life—that great flood of animal spirits—which skating alone can educate. Games of "shinny," racing, running, sliding, sledding, football gave animation to the scene. The ladies were as active as the rest of the company, and as fearless and excited. There was not a homely-looking girl on the ice, so fresh, bright, radiant and rosy did the air and exercise make them. They were all aglow with beauty, like Venus bursting from the sea in the midst of the morning sunlight; and we hope they won't forget the lesson, so personal to themselves, that much exercise and fresh air are necessary for the preservation of health and beauty, often the givers of both.

We saw one gentleman who was very skilful in describing mathematical figures and cutting capital letters; and another who performed the hazardous feat of leaping, on his skates (as sketched by our artist), across six feet of open water, from ice to ice.

The entire scene was very picturesque and interesting. The company was of the most motley character, and in every variety of costume. The day, too, was fine, and not too sunny, and the atmosphere most pure, exciting, and, to us, almost Bacchanalian in its influence. No need of stimulants in this champagne air of Massachusetts, which is like no other air that we have drunk, either in our own country or in southern or western Europe. Neither did we see any sign of other stimulants in any one throughout the afternoon and evening. Indeed, nothing could be finer than the moral spectacle which this skating scene presented. Life full up to the brim; pleasure in every face; but no riot or disturbance, no European fights and brawls—all was decorous and well behaved; and such a people was fit to show to a despot, and teach him a new theory and practice of government.

Jamaica Pond, however, in the moonlight is one of the finest sights we have ever witnessed. The excited people, the rapid skaters, the ice tinkling like iron under their feet, the lights and shadows on the shores, the dark, tall pines, robed here and there in snow, and pendulous with icicles, the villas, the hills, the broad bosom of the pond, all combine to realize that magnificent passage on skating in Wordsworth's "Prelude," and present a picture of real enchantment.

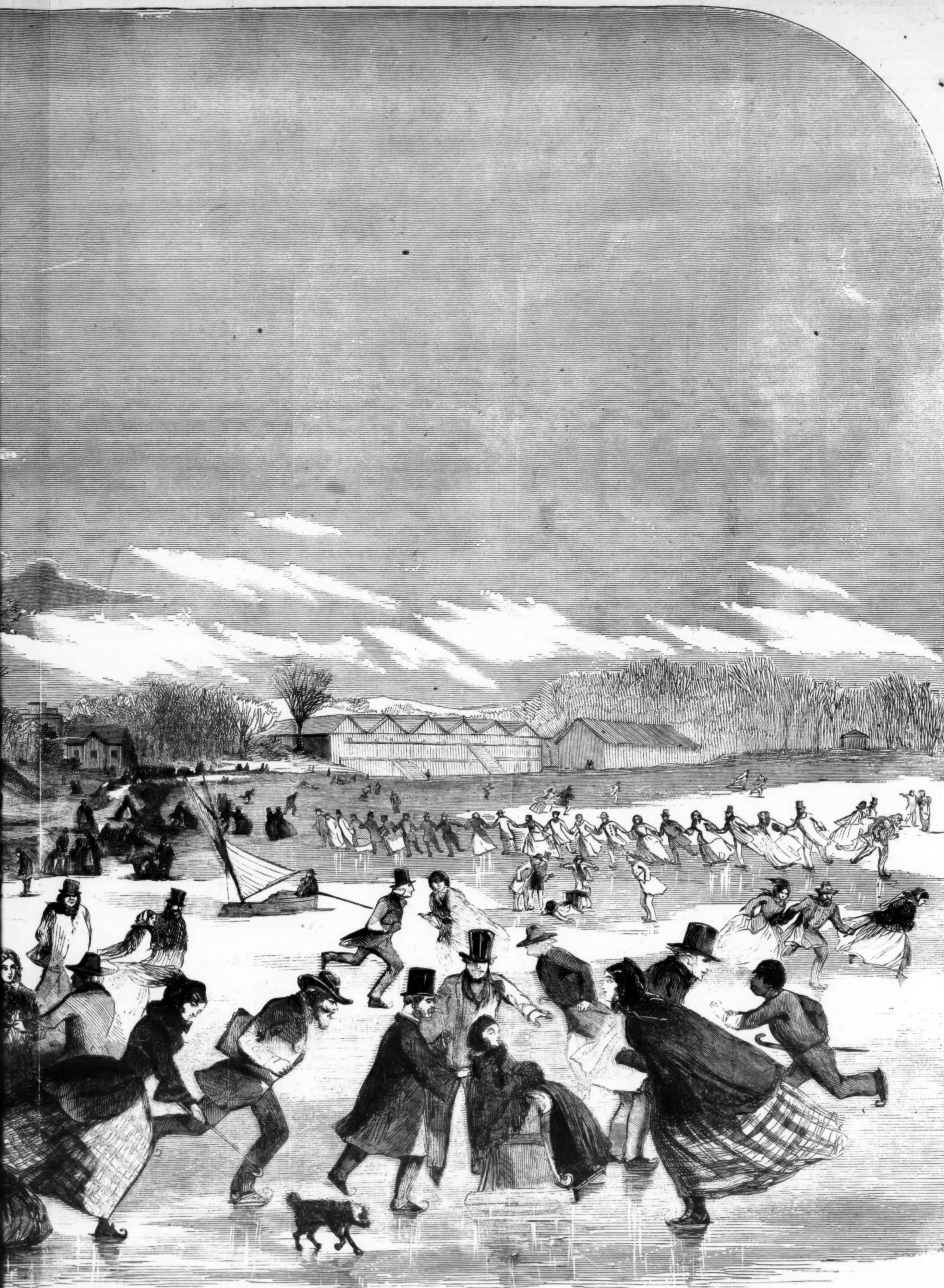
No wonder that skating is so popular and so fashionable. It is not only a healthy amusement, but it endows one with a new faculty by putting the speed of a racehorse into the feet. The movements are so easy and full of poetry and poetic suggestion that neither the skater nor the spectator is ever tired.

"And as they sweep
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds along,
The then gay land is maddened all to joy."

Poets have not failed to celebrate this art—which, as Emerson says of birds, "Give to man a kind of petty omnipresence." German and English poetry contains many allusions to it and praises of it. But Wordsworth, in the passage alluded to above, has made it immortal—heritage for gods as well as men. The art, however, does not appear to be of great antiquity, and compared with the primordial ice itself or with man's first acquaintance with it, it is but as a mushroom in the ancestry of human inventions. Allusion is certainly made in the Prose Edda of the Scandinavians to the "skates" of the god Uller; and no doubt that a more or less rapid way of traversing the icy regions of Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Iceland was in vogue amongst those old followers of Odin. But skating, as we now know it, is of a comparatively modern date, originating in Holland about the thirteenth century, and pursued by that thrifty people more as a business than a pleasure; their skaters, who wear the belt of ice against the competition of the world, being carriers general and "express" men for the government, not disdaining even to use their skates for warlike purposes, but equipping with them whole bodies of men, whom they have more than once employed—as in the case of the French Invasion of 1688, the era also of the British Revolution—as soldiers against the enemies of their fatherland. Holland, Germany, Russia and England are the chief European seats of this popular exercise. Ladies, however, do not much affect it in England—nor in France, where it is least common of all the countries named. In England it is a national pastime, and was first introduced there from Holland in the same century that Holland became famous for its practice. Skates, however, were very rude instruments at that time, and Hone, in his "Every Day Book," describes them as being made of bones, which were tied under the feet. So popular, however, did skating become in Britain, that improvement succeeded improvement in the fashion of these ice-shoes, or "pattens" as the English call them, until, at last, invention seems to be at a standstill, and the skate a perfect specimen of its kind. In 1760 a "skating club" was established in Edinburgh, and a similar one very shortly afterwards in London. This latter city has produced some of the most accomplished artists in Europe; and we heartily wish that our sisters over the water would adopt the practice of their sisters here and become as accomplished skaters as they are.



FASHIONABLE SPORTS IN BOSTON—LADIES AND GENTLEMEN SKATING AND SLEDDING ON JAMAICA POND, NEAR BOSTON. FROM A SKETCH TAKEN ON THE SPOT BY MR. A. L. WAUD, EXPRESSLY FOR F.



WALLACK'S THEATRE.—WILLIAM STUART, SOLE LESSOR.
Great and continued triumph of
JESSIE BROWN; Or, THE REBELL OF LUCKNOW.
Engagement of
MISS AGNES ROBERTSON
and DION BOURCIAULT,
supported by all the eminent artists attached to this establishment.
Doors open at seven; performances commence at half past seven.
Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra
Chairs, \$1.

NIBLO'S GARDEN, BROADWAY, ABOVE PRINCE ST.
Return of the incomparable
RAVELS.
GABRIEL, ANTOINE and JEROME,
assisted by the double corps of Great Artists, and positively their last performances in America previous to their final retirement from the stage.
Two great pieces,
KIM-KA and BIANCO.

Doors open at half past six; to commence at half past seven.
Parquette, Dress Circle and Boxes, 50 cents; Upper Boxes, 25 cents.

**Laura KEENE'S THEATRE, 622 AND 624 BROADWAY,
NEAR HOUSTON STREET.**
Miss Laura Keene..... Solo Lessee and Directress.
THE ELVES; OR, THE STATUE BRIDE.
With new scenery, music, and an unapproachable cast.
Doors open at 6½; the performance will commence at 7½ o'clock.
Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Balcony Seats, 75 cents; Family Circle,
25 cents; Orchestra Stalls, \$1 each; Private Boxes, \$6 and \$7.

**BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—Incomparable American
Drama,**
THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING;
OR, CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.
Every Evening at seven o'clock, and every Wednesday and Saturday Afternoons at half-past two o'clock.
Also, the GRAND AQUARIUM, or Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents, Happy Family, &c. &c.
Admittance, 25 cents; Children under ten, 13 cents.

**WOOD'S BUILDINGS, 561 AND 563 BROADWAY, NEAR
PRINCE STREET.**
Proprietor..... Henry Wood.
A select Ethiopian Entertainment, concluding with an entirely original sketch, by S. Bleeker, introducing a new grand Dioramic Panorama, entitled,
THE SLEIGH RIDE.
Stage Manager..... Sylvester Bleeker.
Treasurer..... L. M. Winans.
Tickets 25 cents, to all parts of the house. Doors open at 6; to commence at
7½ o'clock precisely.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, APRIL 3, 1858.

Notice to our Readers.

A GREAT NUMBER OF FRANK LESLIE'S NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE.

THE May number of our *New Family Magazine* will be the most splendid yet issued. It will contain the first chapters of a powerful and beautiful tale, written expressly for the *Magazine*, by the distinguished and eminent author, JANUARY SEARLE, entitled,

MYRA, THE GIPSY PROPHETESS.

This exquisite story will excite universal interest. It will be profusely illustrated.

To our lady readers *The Fashions* in our May number will be of the highest interest. They will embrace the *authentic styles* in all the articles of ladies' costume. Among the beautiful *Fashion Illustrations* will be found numerous varieties of *Bonnets, Caps, Dress Aprons, Mantillas, Parasols*, new and exquisite *Slippers*, and *Children's Dresses*. All these *Fashions* are authenticated by the leading houses in New York, and will be the *Spring Mode*.

The illustrated articles of travel, the tales, poems, adventures, and chapters of humor, wit and anecdote will be more than usually attractive, and the numerous engravings will fully maintain the high reputation conceded to all our illustrated publications.

Our lady readers will bear in mind the May number of *Frank Leslie's New Family Magazine*.

OUR MAGNIFICENT ENGRAVING of the NEW HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES at WASHINGTON.

We shall shortly publish this superb Picture, which will be the LARGEST ENGRAVING EVER EXECUTED IN AMERICA.

Our Artists have been engaged in its production for several months past, its elaborate architectural details and numerous life figures requiring unusual care and minute finish. Its production will be an era in the art of Wood Engraving in America, and we feel to little pride in presenting it to the Subscribers of **FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER**.

Congress.

THE SENATE.—On Monday, March 22d, Mr. Stuart, of Michigan, spoke at length on the Kansas question; in the course of his remarks he severely condemned the President and General Calhoun. Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, followed with a Lecompton speech, making an elaborate defense of slavery. He was followed on the opposite side by Mr. Broderick, of California. The Senate then took a recess until seven o'clock, when, by agreement, Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, though still unwell, spoke to probably the most crowded auditory that ever assembled in the Senate chamber. It was impossible for the messenger from the telegraph office to gain access to the reporter for the *Associated Press*, so dense was the crowd. Mr. Douglas spoke for three hours, and was followed by Mr. Toombs in an exceedingly sarcastic speech in reply. On Tuesday Mr. Green, of Missouri, replied to Mr. Douglas and Mr. Stuart; he maintained that the Lecompton constitution was by law and equity to be regarded as the expressed will of the people of Kansas. After some remarks from Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, and Mr. Houston, the Lecompton Bill passed the Senate—Nays 25; Yeas 33. On Wednesday Mr. Seward presented the anti-Lecompton resolutions passed by the Legislature of New York. Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, introduced a bill to facilitate the communication with Utah by telegraph. Mr. Gwin proposed to take up the Pacific Railroad Bill. On Thursday the Anti-Slavery resolutions of the State of Maine were presented. Mr. Iverson, of Georgia, unsuccessfully endeavored to take up the Army Bill. The reception of Minnesota into the Union was then discussed *pro* and *con*, when the Senate went into executive session.

THE HOUSE.—On Monday, after some reference to the Walcott

and Matteson cases, Mr. Iverson, of Virginia, made a Lecompton speech. Mr. Bishop, of Connecticut, followed on the same side, Mr. Pottle, of New York, in opposition. Speeches were also made by Messrs. Morris and Kellogg, of Illinois, and Abbott, of Maine. On Tuesday Mr. Kellogg, of Illinois, finished his speech against Lecompton, Mr. Singleton, of Mississippi, spoke in favor of it, Mr. Howard, of Michigan, against it; Mr. Barnett, of Kentucky, in favor of it, Mr. Blair, of Missouri, against Lecompton, Mr. Wortendyke, of New Jersey, would vote for Lecompton, and Mr. Potter, of Wisconsin, would not vote for it. Wednesday, Mr. Clark, of Missouri, replied to Mr. Blair. Mr. Granger, of New York, Mr. Horace F. Clark, of New York, and Mr. Kellogg, of Indiana, spoke against Lecompton. Mr. Stewart, of Maryland, spoke in favor of Lecompton, and Mr. Buffington, of Massachusetts, against it, when the House adjourned. On Thursday Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, proposed that a day should be named to take up the Senate Kansas Bill. Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, proposed that it should be at once. Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, and others objected; then Mr. Stephens named Tuesday, April 6. Mr. Campbell suggested next Tuesday (March 30). Eventually Mr. Stephens withdrew his suggestion with the understanding that a day would be agreed upon. Mr. J. Glancy Jones ineffectually tried to report a bill regulating the mode of collecting the revenue. The House went into Committee of the Whole on the Deficiency Bill, and discussed the Kansas question. Mr. Peyton, of Kentucky, made a Lecompton argument. Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania, spoke on the other side. He said there could be no peace in Kansas with the Lecompton fraud forced upon the people. Mr. Reilly, of Pennsylvania, advocated Lecompton. Mr. Thayer, of Massachusetts, said that all the blame or cause of disunion attaches to the slave power which has so long controlled the Democratic party. Mr. Stephens announced that he will, on Thursday (April 1), move to take up the Senate Kansas Bill. After considerable comparison of views, it was understood and agreed that the bill shall on that day be taken up, and that Mr. Stephens will then move the previous question. Mr. Moore, of Alabama, made a Southern speech, in which he said the South loved her equality more than the Union. Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, made an anti-Lecompton speech, in which he discussed the subject at length.

Foreign.

THE restoration of the *entente cordiale* between the Governments of England and France is complete. In the House of Commons, on the 12th ult., Mr. D'Israeli stated that within the last hour her Majesty's Government had received a despatch from the French Government in answer to a despatch addressed to them by her Majesty's Government, and he had great pleasure in announcing to the House that those painful circumstances which had unhappily for a time subsisted between the Governments of the two countries had entirely terminated; they had been terminated in a spirit friendly and honorable, and in a manner which he believed satisfactory to the feelings, as he was sure they would be conducive to the interests and happiness of both countries. A pamphlet had appeared in Paris, written by a member of the Council of State, the matter of which was calculated to calm the irritated feelings of the French people; referring, in glowing terms, to the Anglo-French alliance, its result, and the earnest desire of the French Emperor for its continuance. The English funds were dull; the demand for money was moderate, and the Bank of England had made no change in its charges. Favorable news from India had arrived, but the particulars had not transpired at the date of the last advices. Consols were firm. Orsini and his accomplices will certainly be executed, his appeal having been rejected by the Court of Cassation. Though but little is allowed to transpire through the medium of the French papers, enough is known to show that France is in a very disturbed state. The mind of the people is agitated; the attempt on the life of the Emperor has awakened the remembrance of how he became Emperor, and the uneasy feeling natural to people who have been humbugged manifests itself in outbreaks all over the country, which may be likened to the muttered thunder which precedes the bursting of the storm. Well may Louis Napoleon cling to the English alliance, for without the moral support of England the tenure of his throne were not worth a year's purchase. The despatch from France to the Swiss Government in regard to refugees is published. The removal from the frontiers of Switzerland of Italian and other questionable refugees is demanded in strong and menacing terms, and the Swiss Government is told that if they refuse they will incur a grave responsibility, and will have to attribute to themselves the consequences which may be entailed. It is stated in Madrid that the provisional President of Mexico is well disposed to settle the difficulties of that nation with Spain. What a farce is the whole of this business! This "provisional" President will, in all probability, be sent to the right about before the first negotiations are discussed. The bloody war of Mexican misrule is sickening to contemplate, and there is not a shadow of hope for a better state of things so long as this deteriorated race has the dominant sway. The United States, as the great power of this vast continent, is in a measure responsible to the civilized world for the future of Mexico; and the sooner steps are taken by our Government to regulate the internal affairs of that miserable country the better.

The Pardoning Power.

AGAIN has the Executive stepped in to snatch the criminal from avenging justice. Maurice O'Connell, convicted of a double crime too horrible to contemplate, and sentenced to be hung, will cheat the gallows of its due. The clemency of the Governor has commuted the sentence to imprisonment for life, thus affording a future Governor an opportunity, at the solicitation of this ruffian rowdy's political friends, to let loose upon the community one who in mere youth was a hardened and brutal criminal. The jury's "recommendation to mercy" is the Governor's plea and excuse; but in face of the horrible facts of this revolting crime, their recommendation should have availed nothing. We confess to but little faith in the infallibility of juries, as they are constituted now-a-days. Society is so cut up into parties, so many secret orders, each sworn to protect its members, exist, that the integrity of the jury box may well be doubted, if it has not altogether passed away. The office of the juror seems now to be, first, to find a verdict according to facts;

and second, to find a means to render that verdict of no avail by robbing it of its wholesome and merited severity.

The Executive holds the discretionary power to affirm or commute the sentence. A sense of stern justice should decide his course. The mere recommendation to mercy should not divert the course of justice, but that and palliating circumstances combined should be of sufficient weight to demand the act of clemency. In the case of O'Connell there is no such combination, and it is to be regretted that the punishment due to such criminal enormity should be commuted, by the unwillingness of the Executive to assume the responsibility of carrying out the sentence according to the facts of the case.

The Religious Revival.

WHEN the managers of the playhouse find that their business is failing off, they set to work to get up a "revival." They advertise and they puff and force notoriety through every channel, and the public revives, and lo! it is a revival. It is not a steady and rational increase of love for the dramatic art, but a feverish, unhealthy and evanescent excitement, that flares and flashes and dies out, smothered by the ashes of discontent and satiety, and leaving the art in a more sickly and hopeless condition than before the "revival." It is much the same, we fear, with "religious revivals," which have enjoyed a career of extraordinary popularity within the past few weeks, and which have been paraded with indecent publicity in the profane papers of the day. They are totally opposed to the essence of true religion; they shock the sense of those who sincerely believe and ground their faith in something more than mere momentary excitement and temporary madness. They are the gaudy bait thrown out to catch the weak and imbecile, and afford a means to the interested and the simulator to parade their holiness in the sight of the community, and lift the bushel from off of their light, that it may be seen and admired of the faithful. These "revivals" may increase the number of pew renters in churches, but we may reasonably doubt if they will profit religion much. Rational beings do not take religion as children take measles, nor do they manifest its blessed workings like those who rave and foam at the mouth under the curse of hydrophobia.

This age of wonderful excitement turns up the dregs and lees of everything. We can afford to laugh at most of the secular momentary madnesses, but we have graver thoughts when we see ministers of religion, learned and respectable men, lending their countenance to a movement which encourages a morbid excitement, and fevers the blood without teaching the heart and the intellect.

CURRENT ITEMS.

- A Chicago paper has an advertisement forty columns long, of lands in that city delinquent for taxes.
- The United States store-ship Relief, in commission at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, will soon be ready for sea.
- The Glover Incorporation of Perth have purchased, with the purpose of repairing and preserving it, the house mentioned by Sir Walter Scott as the residence of Simon Glover, father of the "Fair Maid of Perth."
- The Savannah *Daily Georgian* says that Col. Thomas Alsop was seen in that city by an English gentleman.
- Edwin Forrest, the tragedian, is reported to have abandoned the stage for the purpose of opening a wine and liquor store in Chicago.
- Capt. Van Vliet, United States Quartermaster at Fort Leavenworth, arrived in St. Louis lately, from Washington.
- M. Adolphe Odier, son of the Paris banker, and brother-in-law to the late Gen. Cavaignac, is about to marry Mlle. Rousset, a wealthy heiress.
- It is said that Major Reeter has had a "talk" with Billy Bowlegs and the other chiefs of Florida, and expresses entire confidence in his ability to induce the Indians to emigrate.
- The United States sloop-of-war Constellation, Commander Bell, was at Messina on the 15th ult.
- Mrs. Parker died in Newburyport, Mass., at the advanced age of ninety-two. She leaves two children (twins) who are seventy-five years old.
- The Belvidere Woollen Co., at Lowell, is now engaged in the manufacture of flannel for the new Balmoral or scarlet petticoat.
- The courthouse of Savannah, Georgia, and all the records of Lee county, were recently destroyed by fire. It is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.
- Ex-President Fillmore is in Albany, with his lady, staying at the Schuyler Mansion, which has been leased to John Tracy, Esq.
- The U. S. sloop-of-war Plymouth, at the Washington Navy Yard, went into commission on the 17th. She will proceed to sea, with the midshipmen of the Annapolis Naval School, and make a six months' cruise to the Mediterranean.
- Dr. Livingston and his companions of the African Exploring Expedition have sailed for Africa on board the steamer Pearl.
- At a late special meeting of the Board of Education, \$3,000 were appropriated for repairing the shaking walls of Ward School No. 40.
- The Jersey City Common Council have passed an ordinance requiring shows and circuses to pay a license fee of \$50. The penalty for exhibiting without a license is \$100.
- No less than thirty paupers left the Albany Alms-House, the other day, for the purpose of going into the country and engaging in spring work.
- Miss Abby Gardner, daughter of the former Postmaster of Hingham, who was poisoned by his wife, has been appointed Postmaster there; Mr. Siders, who held the office for her till she had reached the age of twenty-one, having resigned.
- The importation of Indian corn from Puerto Rico to Havana has opened with great success. The produce is said to be of superior quality, and to command the highest prices.
- The Harmony Mills, of Cohoes, have commenced work again, paying 12½ per cent more than before the late strike.
- A brother of Ben, the Hungarian, is in this country on his way to visit relatives in Iowa. He is covered with scars, acquired in thirty-two years service in European wars.
- A fine boy was recently left at the rooms of the Sons of Malta, in Boston, by some one unknown. The Sons have resolved to become fathers to the boy, and educate him to become a member of the order.
- The Virginia Historical Society has elected the Hon. William C. Rives President for the ensuing year.
- The monument now preparing in Boston to the memory of Booth, the tragedian, will be ready for delivery next month, and is to be placed in the cemetery at Baltimore.
- An important branch of manufacture at Marseilles is the production of oil from peanuts. For soap-making it is preferable to all other oils. The shell is not removed, but is crushed with the kernel.
- The Dublin papers are teeming with enthusiastic notices of a young American actor, bearing the name of "Iceland Ravenswood," who has recently appeared in that city. Who is he?
- Col. Fremont and family left for California in the Star of the West, for a few months' absence.
- Nathan Smith, of this city, has received a letter from New Haven, his former residence, enclosing \$25 in bank bills, and a scrap of paper inscribed "Restitution." No other mark appears.
- The Mayor of Louisville has ordered the arrest of Travis, who had advertised to shoot an orange from the head of a boy there, on a wager of \$1,000.

Complaint was made by the citizens, who were incensed at this wanton trifling with human life.

— A "Great Exhibition" for the year 1861 is spoken of in England.

— A duel was recently fought near the Mississippi State Line between Capt. Mawry, of Mobile, and Capt. De Riviere. The former was not touched, and De Riviere's life was saved by a twenty dollar piece in his vest pocket, against which his antagonist's ball struck.

— The felon-poet, William L. Hyde, committed suicide in Cincinnati on the 21st ultimo, by taking a dose of arsenic.

— The three junior class students of Yale College, concerned in the affray with the firemen last February, are to be dismissed from College.

— A Court Martial has been ordered to assemble at Newport, Ky., on the 28th of April, for the trial of General Twiggs, for alleged contempt of the War Department.

— It has been stated by one of the Police Commissioners that Mr. Allsop is at present in this city.

— A correspondent from the United States steamer Powhattan, at St. Helena, says that a Connecticut slaver had been captured by a British brig, having on board six hundred slaves. The health of the officers and crew of the Powhattan was excellent.

— A resolution was lately introduced into the Wisconsin Legislature, proposing to cede back to Government a large part of the State, provided Michigan follows the example, for the purpose of forming a new Territory.

— An epidemic disease, resembling typhoid, is prevailing among the students of the University of Virginia, and the Legislature proposes to appropriate \$25,000 for the enlargement and improvement of the dormitories.

— Four more bodies have been recovered from the wreck of the ship John Milton, at Montauk, among which is that of the mate, John Cottrell. These make twenty-four bodies recovered in all.

— The Louisiana State Senate has indefinitely postponed the bill for the introduction of free negroes from Africa into that State, to serve a fifteen years' apprenticeship, which is equivalent to a permanent defeat.

— Legislative prayer meetings are now being held in the Court of Appeals at Albany, and are said to be very largely attended.

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

"Opening Day."

THURSDAY, the 25th, was Opening Day in the world of silk, lace and ribbons. The weather was bright, mild and propitious, and the streets wherein fashionable fair ones most do congregate were densely crowded. Broadway and Canal street in particular were literally taken by storm, and we could not but pity the forlorn condition of the unfortunate gentlemen who were engulfed in the whirlpool of crinoline, and struggled vainly to reach the by-streets. They received no commiseration from the fair forayers, however; only inoffensive glances which said very plainly, "What business have you in Broadway on Opening Day?"

Many fashionable establishments were thrown open, and endless were the novelties in style, shape and material that were for the first time exhibited on this eventful Thursday. There is, however, no very marked alteration in the fashions of the day. Penneus are larger, with wider crowns and drooping fronts. A combination of velvet and chintz has made its appearance, which is very brilliant and attractive. The long drooping sprays of flowers heretofore so popular are gone, and their place is taken by groups or clusters of flowers, of which azaleas, geraniums, acacias, roses and sweet peas are much worn.

In the article of dresses a wide latitude is allowed to individual taste. Double skirts, flounces and plain robes are worn—plaiting *à la reelle* is much in vogue to trim skirts, and the bodies are frequently in points, both before and behind. We have seen very rich dresses with four, six and even eight points from the waist. As far as corsego goes, the basque still retains its high place in public favor. Plain waists are almost universally trimmed with movable bracelets of black lace, fringe or velvet. The sleeve most worn at present for dresses of rich, heavy material, such as silk, brocade or robes *à la quitter*, is the pagoda, with two rows of plaiting *à la reelle* on the reverse. The jockey sleeve asserts dominion over the lighter material of muslin, tulle and lace. Puffed sleeves, shawl-shaped sleeves and flowing sleeves are still in fashion.

There is little new in mantua establishments. In mourning the Mayflower, half basque half mantilla, is very graceful, and it will probably be much worn in colors as well as in crapes and bombazines. The Pompadour is rich yet plain, and the Mary Stuart basquine is destined to a brilliant career.

The great variety of different and conflicting styles, however, render it next to impossible to particularize much. As usual, the becoming or unbecoming *ensemble* of a dress, bonnet or mantle will depend almost entirely on the taste and style of its wearer.

Fashionable Divertissements in Boston.

Tableaux, private theatricals and charitable *sociétés* are at present the latest rage among the young aristocracy of our modern Athens. The upper-tendons of Boston have taken the starving poor by the hand, and gone energetically to work to relieve its necessities. The lovely daughters of the *beau monde* have thrown themselves into picturesque attitudes in glowing scenes, and warbled delicious music in *petite concerts* to earn \$500 and \$1000 from an appreciating circle of friends, in order to gratify their charitable mania.

Having thus neatly gone through with this rôle, they of course expected the young gentlemen to do their part. Responsive to this implied appeal, some of the scions of the Bostonian nobility gave a brilliant exhibition of sabre and sword exercise, variegated with single-stick, for the benefit of some deserving individual or other.

The fair audience were in raptures. Ladies are always charmed with everything that savors of battle, war and tournament, and when a vehement, though bloodless, contest is carried on by lively and handsome young gentlemen, who can blame the lovely spectators for twitting their applause, like so many bright little canary-birds?

This is a novel and engaging feature of aristocratic amusement, and causes much horror and discontent among those who think the only way of being happy is to promenade stiffly round a ball-room, or go slowly through the Lancers or Evergreens. To our mind, however, there is something in it akin to the manly energy and vigor of Revolutionary days. We look on with curiosity to see what the next step will be!

Poetical Readings.

Another mania among the Boston ladies is for select classes at private residences to listen to poetical readings. This is exclusively for the amusement and instruction of ladies, as not even the shadow of a moustache or the rustle of a coat-tail is permitted in the neighborhood. A niece of Miss Sedgwick, the American authoress, and the widow of Ogden Hoffman are among the bright particular stars of this *bas-bleu* constellation.

In New York Miss Sedgwick was equally a favorite in private and exclusive circles. Many ladies gathered together at the houses of Mrs. President King, of Columbia College, Mrs. George Bancroft, Mrs. Parish, and other leaders of the *ton*, to hear her exquisite readings. This amusement became quite popular, the ladies were in full visiting costume, and the absence of gentlemen gave the scene an air decidedly unique and *distingué*.

An Incident at St. Paul's.

At St. Paul's Episcopal Church, on Broadway, service is performed during the evenings of Wednesday and Friday. A few evenings since, soon after the commencement of the service, the large and fashionable congregation were surprised by the entrance of three Indian maidens, wrapped in their blue blankets. They paused for an instant at the door, and then advanced to the front of the altar with quiet dignity and self-possession, and knelt down to their devotions. As the solemn ceremonials drew near to a close, they rose, crossed themselves, and, saluting the altar, glided down the aisle and from the church. They are of the Caughnawaga tribe, who reside near Montreal, and are now in the city selling their trinkets, beads, moccasins and baskets. Being mostly Catholics, they usually worship in the Canal street Catholic Church, but it seemed that they had observed the brilliantly illuminated church in passing by, and had entered, forgetful of form or sect, to kneel with their white sisters before the common Father of all.

Romance in the Nineteenth Century.

An incident took place in Iowa, last week, which, was it not for modern names and localities, might almost be imagined to have happened in days of chivalry and red-cross knights.

Harriet Siedler and Robert Schmidt had been engaged for more than a year; but a short time ago, the young man having come from St. Paul, Minnesota, to claim his *fiancée*, the parents of the lady interposed and forbade the match. Harriet and Schmidt were in despair, and decided that, if they could not be happy on earth, it was preferable to die together. It was accordingly arranged between the lovers that Schmidt should first shoot the girl and then dispatch himself. He executed his design, so far as the maiden was concerned, but it seemed that they had observed the brilliantly illuminated church in passing by, and had entered, forgetful of form or sect, to kneel with their white sisters before the common Father of all.

The young lady expired soon after. She accused her parents of being answearable for the awful deed, and spoke most tenderly of her unfortunate lover, acquitting him of all blame to the very last.

A Man of Many Wives.

A worthy has been arrested in Philadelphia, on the charge of having wedded any quantity of wives, and after having pocketed their cash, left them, to allure some new victim.

Mrs. Prudence R. Wilson, of Manayunk, accuses him of having married her, secured her funds, and then taken French leave. We should have been more cautious ere she surrendered her worldly wealth into the hands of the fickle swain.

Another lady, who says he conferred on her, with a wedding ring, the name of Boynton, demands the \$500 of her money with which he eloped.

Mrs. Smith, his third wife, don't care so much about the man himself, if

he'll only return the \$261 and gold repeater with which he vanished. A West-chester lady says she was deserted by him after a brief honeymoon of wedded bliss. Mrs. Caingar, of Philadelphia, came very near being the fifth of this list of forlornites, but luckily escaped, and it is believed that a dozen more will soon come forward to lay claim to this miniature Brigham Young.

He is a son of Yankee-land, about forty-five years old, with black hair and beard, and ruddy complexion. We presume that both will suffer when he is made to confront his wrathful brides. Imprisonment is altogether too light a punishment for this wretch, and we hope the deluded daughters of Eve will give him no quarter.

Marriage in High Life.

Those crossing over to Brooklyn, one day last week, were surprised at a brilliant and beautiful display of flags and pennons among the Black Ball line of Liverpool packets, and at the frequent firing of salutes from cannon on board. It was on occasion of the marriage of Miss Marshall, daughter of Captain Marshall, proprietor of the line, to Mr. Appleton, of this city.

A Genuine Golden Wedding.

Another golden wedding is recorded at Massillon, Ohio—that of Mr. and Mrs. Hurst, which came off on the 8th inst. They are Germans by birth, but have lived in this country most of their long lives. Mr. H. was born in 1779, and his wife ten years later; they were married in 1807. They have occupied the house in which they now reside for twenty-six years, and have had fourteen children, thirty-one grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. On the occasion alluded to two hundred invitations were given out, and a large party of friends were present. The table was magnificently set out, and exquisitely ornamented. One of the decorations was a polygon gilded column about three feet high, with each panel inscribed with the date of birth in the lives of the worthy hosts. Fourteen small flags of white satin ribbon were inscribed with the name and date of the births of the children—if dead, the flags had black borders. The grandchildren's flags were of pink satin ribbon, and the great-grandchildren of gold-colored ribbon. Above all was a magnificient bank of hot-house flowers.

Another square column of equal size, of sugar, contained the names of the whole family, and there were many other minor ornaments.

The evening was spent in delightful reminiscences of old lang syne; and on the company's taking leave, the white-headed host and hostess stood at the door, extending kind farewells and hopes that all present might also be spared to rejoice in a "Golden Wedding."

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Reminiscence of the last Carnival Week at Paris—The Two Lovers—The Bel and the Widow.

THE *mauvaise farce* of the young Count de V—, which the Emperor reprimanded himself, but which the fair subject of the mystification has forgiven, forms the principal subject of gossip at our morning receptions. A young, noble and wealthy widow having inspired an "undying attachment" in the respective bosoms of two friends, both of the highest aristocracy, both members of the crack club of Paris—in short, both possessing advantages exactly of the same description—indeed, so well were these advantages balanced, that the lady had hesitated, ever since Christmas last, in pronouncing a verdict in favor of either one or the other. The subject was, therefore, amicably discussed between the pair, and ended, as usual in such cases, by a foible bet. The first who could manage to salute the lady without resistance on her part was to have the field left to himself, the rival consenting to retire. The most arduous part of the bet consisted in the obligation to execute the bet in presence of the other—no verbal account of the matter was to be accepted. Here was the difficulty, and both adversaries were set to racking their brains to discover the best means of executing their nefarious purpose.

The carnival was, of course, much reckoned upon, both for the happy ideas which it inspires and the resources which it offers, and the brains of our mad young adventurers were sorely taxed to invent some wily stratagem by which to carry off the prize so coveted by both. One of the *soupirans* had put his trust in a celebrated painter, the arch-mystifier of us all, and he promised us that his friend should not put his trust in him in vain, but should most assuredly triumph. Now, this *artiste farceur* has a charming sister, married to a senator of some renown, and, becoming suddenly tender and romantic concerning his little nephews and nieces, he coaxed his sister into the idea of giving a juvenile ball, at which none but the young mammas and papas of the very juvenile assembly were to be present. This idea was eagerly accepted by the *sœur*, one of the youngest of all mammas, and the most fitted to spoil a score of children, and immediately cards were issued to all the juveniles of her acquaintance, "with permission to bring their parents, if the latter had behaved well and were not in disgrace." The only favor asked by the artist was the permission to bring "a *farceur*, of equal talent to himself, to amuse the children, and, upon a perfect understanding that no serious mystification was to be ventured upon, the favor was granted. The two friends—for the strictest honor reigned between them—had chosen, by advice of the artist himself, a dress much in vogue at the masked balls of the year—that of an English baby—snow-white cap, with lace border and big cockade, short frock, and long blue sash, sleeves looped up, and coral necklace, white pinsore, and baby shoes and socks! Herein lay the hope of success. Under pretence of amusing the tiny company by their adult absurdity, they possessed a magnificent chance of obtaining a laughing salute, with the rest of the supplicants, from the lady in question, who was overjoyed at the prospect of pleasure, for the little daughter would be sure to come to the ball.

Everything was prepared, the costumes tried on and made to fit in the artist's painting-room, and both aspirants seemed equally sure of success. The evening arrived, and but one of the pretenders was true to the *rendezvous*. The other sent an excuse, saying that he should be detained until late; but if, in the meantime, his friend had obtained the coveted favor, he should consider the artist's testimony equal to his own, and abandon the game to his more fortunate friend. The latter was delighted, and went off with the artist in high glee.

Madame de M— was there, sure enough, the admired of all beholders. She laughed heartily at Monsieur de C—'s absurd appearance, and when the dancing began, joined in the absolute war of merriment which his awkward capers occasioned. The friend arrived not, nor did he make his appearance even at the supper, which was to conclude the *farce* with the Christmas tree, in use on these occasions. The latter was wheeled in, and still he came not. "So much the better," thought the friend, "because when we say good night, then will be the moment to win." The tree was so magnificent that all the servants of the house were employed to drag it in. The shouts of the children and the delight of the mothers may be well imagined. It was covered with glittering ornaments, and so thickly graced with leaves, that many people thought it must be a Dutch cut yew-tree, while to others it looked marvelously like an English Jack-in-the-Green. The moment of distribution arrived.

Every fond mother drew near, and the more helpless little ones were held up by them to gather the golden fruit upon the topmost boughs. Madame de M— approached with the rest; her little *marmos*, more ambitious than the others, insisted upon the treasures most out of reach. The lovely widow bent forward to attain one of the highest, and presently drew back with a terrible scream, which spread itself through the ranks of the juveniles in most dolorous pitch, and spread universal terror. Monsieur de V— stood revealed beneath the green-coloring of the artificial tree, and had won the prize, to the great incomitute of the artist and his friend, the real indignation of the house, and the leigned anger of the fair object of the contest. It so was, however, that the affair was taken seriously in high quarters, and that Monsieur de V— has been taken to task for this *plaisanterie de mauvais goût*—which, with more *mauvais goût*, it is thought by society in general, has been treated as a grave affair, instead of being allowed to pass off as a harmless *farce de saison*. It is generally supposed that the end of it will be the marriage of the widow and her ingenuous lover; for she is not one to feel anger long, nor to remain in-cessible to wit and boldness, in whatever shape they may present themselves.

The Royal Jewels recovered by the Hanoverian from the English Government.

The exhibition of the crown jewels restored by England to Hanover, including the magnificent ruby, is to be confined, for the two days announced, to the nobility and privileged classes. There is no intention, we believe, of making it what we understand in America by a public exhibition. It is more in the way of a public proof of the restoration. As they are at present arranged, they lie under a glass case on a table covered with scarlet velvet and profusely ornamented with gold, the surface of the table rising concentrically to an elevated point in the centre. On this apex lies the ornament of brilliants, somewhat larger than a crown piece, which the Queen was in the habit of wearing in her hair on grand occasions. Beneath this ornament there hang suspended from pine two earrings, each composed of a single brilliant of the size of a small walnut, the hinder face of which is incrusted with small brilliants, in the fashion of the last century. In addition to these, there is the old diamond tiara, consisting of nine joints, in a very old-fashioned setting. Most of the diamonds which originally composed this ornament have fallen out in the course of the century and a half of its existence, but have been carefully replaced in England, and fastened with wax on to the metal foundation that forms the body of the tiara. In the centre is the well-known Cumberland diamond, valued at 120,000 thalers (£18,000). On the west side of the table, opposite the above-mentioned, is a necklace composed of thirty-five *soldates*, a cross of seven ditto, and two ear pendants containing each four *soldates*. These fifty stones are each of them the size of a bean. Above this necklace, &c., there are two bows about four inches in diameter, incrusted with brilliants of the size of a pea. A pearl necklace, with a large *soldate* as a snap, lies on another side. Scattered around the first-mentioned head ornament lie the parts of another taken to pieces, in which the precious stones are set to imitate flowers, yellowish brilliants forming the flowers and emeralds the leaves. There are also on the south side the brooch which belongs to the diamond tiara, and

six other brooches in the form of bows, besides various loose brilliants lying folded in paper. The entire value is estimated at 800,000 thalers (£120,000).

The Terrible Duel in Prussia.

It seems that the duel at Königsberg arose from the refusal of Lieutenant Jachmann's parents to receive General de Flebive's son at their house. The general demanded an explanation, and asked if the son shared the sentiments of the parents. The lieutenant declined at first to answer this question, but, on being pressed, declared his views were the same. The general then passionately exclaimed that a duel à mort must ensue. The lieutenant laid the affair before the Council of Honor of his regiment, to whom all such cases are generally submitted as an exoneration for their conduct, whatever may be decided on. The council exerted themselves to obtain an arrangement, but the general declared, he, as a general, was the best judge of his own actions, and the lieutenant obtaining the right of first fire. At the *barrière* the lieutenant hesitated to fire first, when the general exclaimed "Was soll dass heißen?"—What does this mean, sir? fire! The lieutenant still declined, when the five officers present as council and the seconds declared the general might fire first, which was shattered, the bullet finally lodging in the neck. For an instant he staggered, but, advancing to the *barrière*, fired, and shot the general through the heart. The excitement caused by this event is intense, but the blame seems to fall entirely on the superior officer.

Mosaic Items.

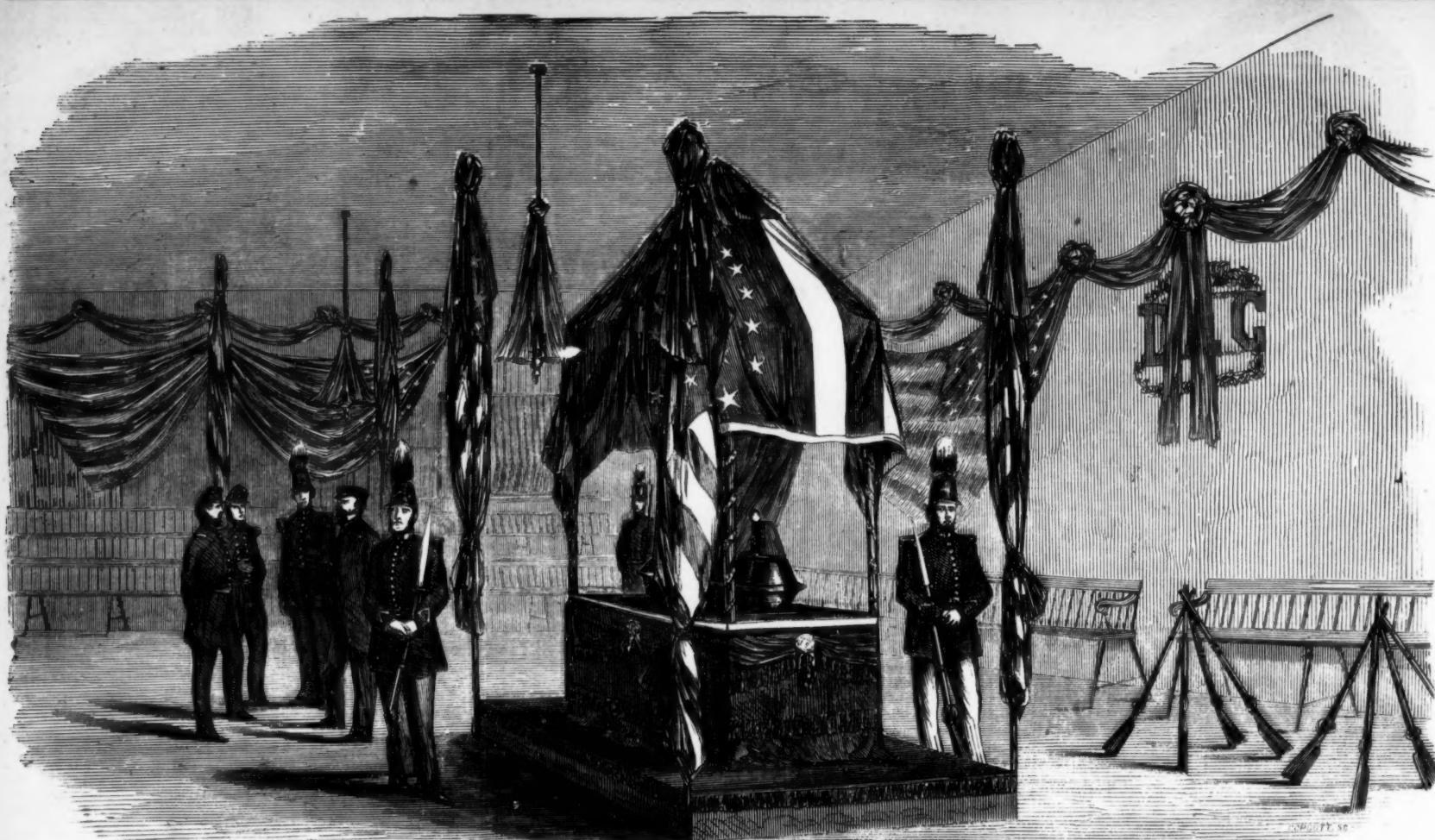
A report was spread through Paris which had given great annoyance to the authorities. It was said that a young Italian gentleman, whose domicile had been visited by the police, had been killed in defending certain letters in his possession. The officers are said to declare that the young man, on finding the letters seized, had stabbed himself, and that they are thereby guilty of his death. The letters thus conveyed away by the *commissaire* prove to be written in a lady, whose husband, notoriously jealous, had inspired this resolution in the bosom of the Italian—to defend her honor with his life.

Rothschild, upon hearing of the marriage of the Princess de B—, who merely carries to her husband a dowry of 150,000 francs a year, was visibly affected, and, after several sighs, exclaimed, "Poor children! two more victims to the folly of 'frugal marriages'!"

MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA—FRY'S LEONORA.—Were we to act the part of an antiquary, and dig among the bones of the dead composers, we could bring such an array of rifled skeletons as accusing witnesses against this opera of "Leonora," that there would be but little left for Mr. Fry to claim. But it is unnecessary, for there can be but little doubt that the question of "Leonora" is settled for the present. It has made its little show; it will be allowed to rest quietly in the future, and will not be disturbed until the works of Bellini and Donizetti, from whence it was chiefly derived, are forgotten. We do not deny to Mr. Fry the possession of ability. He has a certain amount of talent, but every evidence goes to prove that it is imitative, and not creative. He selects the school in which he will write, and follows his models so closely, that it is almost impossible to distinguish the imitation from the original. Those *temas* which are the least open to the charge of plagiarism are frivolous in the extreme; *fortuna* takes the place of passion, and the eternal thundering of the brass instruments supplies the deficiency of earnestness and intensity. We cannot characterize the music otherwise than as a dead level of unbroken flatness—a wearisome length of sameness. All the characters sing the same style of music; the parts might be transposed, without injury to the sentiment of the arias, for no *blitz-synecdoche* exists to indicate the flatness of such a transposition.

The chief want in "Leonora" is originality. We do not think the opera contains any new thought; not one undivided inspiration of the composer's brain. The struggle seems to have been how, by turning one note up and another down, to cover up a too glaring similarity. With the exception of the concerted piece in the chapel, which is very pleasing, there is not an evidence of spontaneity. The instrumentation is especially defective; it has no repose. It contains many pleasing and cleverly constructed subjects, but we are scarcely interested before the inevitable "brass" walks in and assumes the entire responsibility. For music of, so to speak, so frivolous



THE ARMORY OF THE DAYTON LIGHT GUARD, COMPANY E, FIRST REGIMENT OHIO VOLUNTEERS, WITH THE BODY OF DR. HENRY F. KOEHN, REGIMENTAL SURGEON, LYING IN STATE, MARCH 8, 1858.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBINSON AND SEEBOHM

DR. HENRY F. KOEHN—THE DAYTON LIGHT GUARD.

Dr. KOEHN was originally a member of the Light Guard, and appointed from that corps upon the regimental staff. He died at Marianna, Florida, whither he had gone for the benefit of a mild climate, on the 8th of February last. His body was brought home, reaching Dayton on the 6th of March. It lay in state at the Light Guard armory until the morning of the 9th, when the funeral ceremonies were performed. The funeral procession, consisting of the military, masons, medical societies, firemen and citizens, was half a mile in length.

Dr. Koehne, though but twenty-five years old at the time of his decease, was of remarkable ability and great promise in his profession. His acquirements were varied and brilliant. He was the master of six languages and also possessed a fine musical taste, carefully improved and developed by cultivation. He had been associated with Dr. Clements in the Ohio South-western Lunatic Asylum, a State institution, and also in private practice with that eminent physician. He was respected and admired by all who knew him, but by his friends he was especially beloved.

The Dayton Light Guard is one of the six fine light infantry companies which compose Colonel King's First Regiment Ohio Volunteers. The uniform of this elegant corps consists of a dark blue frock coat, light blue pantaloons, black belts, caps United States regulation pattern, and blue and white plume. It is commanded by Captain Hughes. Its armory is a large hall one hundred by forty feet, in third story of Phillips' Building, corner of Main and Second streets.

THE DANCE OF THE BELLOWES, ON ASH WEDNESDAY, AT UZES.

In many of the villages scattered throughout France, the close of the carnival is celebrated by the destruction of a little image or effigy, which goes in Languedoc by the name of *Caramantran*, which is a corruption of words signifying "Lent is coming." It is either drowned, hanged, or burned, according to the custom which generally prevails in each particular settlement.

Uzès is a fine old French town, situated on the shores of the Auzon, in the department of Gard. It is chiefly noted for its manufactures of silk, woollen, &c., and boasts an old episcopal palace, and a fine turreted and battlemented castle among its curiosities. Here all the ceremonies of the carnival are religiously observed together with many little local additions, which are peculiar to Uzès alone.

Here, also, prevails the system of incamation, which is accompanied by a special dance, whose origin dates back many generations.

The *Bouffetiers*, or bellows-carriers, who form the chief part of the Caramantran's escort, may be seen all over the town, from a very early hour in the morning, forming themselves in long files. Their dress consists of full white trowsers, a coarse shirt worn over, to correspond, and a towering and grotesque cap of white cotton. Every one is armed with a huge pair of bellows, and in this ludicrous costume, they assemble for the procession. When, at length, the spirited tones of the tambour, beating a special *farian-dole* or provincial dance, fall on the ears of the populace, they simultaneously break into a wild and irregular dance, of which our

engraving may give some faint idea. One of the figures consists in the dancers following one another in hot chase, each discharging blasts of air from a pair of rapidly worked bellows, on those who may happen to precede him. The outside stragglers of this procession take especial delight in making sudden salutes at the spectators who have been attracted too near the line, by idle curiosity. The women in particular are assaulted by puffs of the bellows, and fly laughing and shrieking in all directions. If any luckless dog falls in the way of the dancers, he is obliged to retreat precipitately, under the impression that a whirlwind is abroad.

Each participant in this wild carnival of mirth wears a hideous mask; in which every feature is distorted in the most ludicrous manner. Great gaiety and good feeling prevail throughout the whole ceremony, and it continues until the heroes of the bellows join the Caramantran procession.

This singular custom is exclusively local to Uzès, and is practised in no other place.

BURTON'S THEATRE AND THE DAILY PRAYER-MEETINGS THEREIN.

Observed by Doesticks.

The stranger who strays into Burton's Theatre in Chambers street, on one of these bright spring days, is at first puzzled to know whether he has got into a church that has suddenly waked up and found itself transformed into a theatre; or whether he has fallen on the strange anomaly of a theatre that is doing its best to sprout into a church. This edifice is now used for a "business-men's prayer-meeting," that is held there daily for one hour in the middle of the day. The parquette, the dress circle, the gallery, the private boxes, the orchestra, the proscenium, and the drop-curtain are all of the theatre, theatrical; but the white neckcloths, the sanctimonious visages, the hymn books and the small editions of the New Testament that are plentifully scattered about, are of the meeting-house, meeting-housy. The orchestra, from which the fiddles were wont to discourse such sweet sounds, the flutes to tootle out their soft-voiced melodies, the drums and cymbals to send forth their crashing din, and the brazen trumpet to raise its blatant voice, is now filled with newspaper reporters, who, as they note down with ready pencil the proceedings, make running comments about the leaders of the meeting, whom they call, "the old buffer in the white choker," "the grim old reprobate in the seedy breeches," "the saint with the big nose," and otherwise characterize them in descriptive terms more expressive than complimentary.

The dress-circle is filled with ladies, some of whom have a look of seriousness on their faces, but the greater part of whom are staring about, taking particular note of every person that comes in, and of every incident that occurs, and being evidently much more affected by the novelty of a devotional meeting in a theatre, than by any special regard for their individual salvation.

The parquette is occupied by men and boys, many of whom have frequented the same spot in its former days; and there are many others of the pharisaic class who have spent their lives in abusing theatres, but who eagerly embrace the first opportunity to get inside the "devil's church," to see what it looks like. A number of these super-extra saintly persons have made speeches, more or less public, to the effect that they had never been inside a theatre before, and were glad of a chance to see what kind of a place it is.

But on the stage is the greatest change of all. The curtain is taken up, the footlights are blazing, and a pleasant forest scene set in the back, which has often in other days represented the Forest of Arden, and has been the chosen rendezvous of the "melancholy Jacques" and his jovial companions.

The old theatre-goer who is tempted to step into the house to take note of the great changes time has wrought, sighs rather sadly as he mentally runs over the catalogue of most excellent actors he has seen on that very stage. Memory recalls the rotund corporosities and unctuous voices of Burton and of Blake—the imitable broken French, and superb old-school acting of Placide—the uproarious fun of Holland—the classic repose and dignity of E. L. Davenport—the quaint excellence of Johnston—the dashing lady-killing personations of Lester and Jordan—the stately dignity of Fisher—the exquisite drolleries of Brougham—the admirable acting of Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Buckland, Mrs. Parker, and the score of other celebrities that instantly come to mind; and, most grateful reminiscence of all, perhaps, is the one that, on this stage a New York audience first applauded the artistic delicacy and the many winning graces of Agnes Robertson, then a stranger in America.

But all is now changed. Burton has resigned in favor of H. W. Beecher; Placide is replaced by the Rev. T. L. Cuyler; Jordan and



THE LATE DR. HENRY F. KOEHN.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROBINSON AND SEEBOHM.



THE DANCE OF THE BELLows, ON ASH WEDNESDAY, AT UZES. SEE PAGE 284.

Lester are supplanted by the Rev. Sidney Corey and the Rev. J. P. Thompson, D.D.; Fisher and Davenport, and Burke and Johnston are scattered, and in their places are certain reverend gentlemen rejoicing in the names of Whitehead (alas! for Placide and Elake), Fish, Morril and a score of others; the prompt-box is usurped by an enterprising reporter; the prompt-book is supplanted by the Testament; the Leader of the Orchestra has departed with his fiddle and his bow, and the vacancy is filled by a sanctimonious personage in spectacles, "who starts the hymn" and "leads the singing" to some good old Methodist tune. No more stormy overtures, but "Joy to the world, the Lord is come," no more national airs with variations—we now hear "When I can read my title clear;" no more polkas and schottisches and waltzes, but the grave and serious hymns, beginning "Children of the Heavenly King" and "Salvation, O the joyful sound," and "Return, my wandering soul, return."

"Nature's nobleman" no longer holds the stage—he is henceforth a "Stranger" to those boards. "The Lady of Lyons," "The Wife," "The Duenna," "Evadne," "The Soldier's Daughter," "The Maid of Croissey," and the other estimable ladies once so well known in this place, have all left for parts unknown, and the only familiar drama now acted in the theatre is a new version of "The Serious Family."

Either the prompting of genuine religious fervor, or curiosity to attend a prayer meeting in a theatre, crowds this house every day. Hundreds are unable to obtain admission even into the lobby, and unless ladies are present an hour or two before the beginning of the meeting, they have no chance for seats.

The exercises are conducted very much as other prayer meetings, and when the dense audience has packed itself into the smallest possible space, and the stage is full of visitors, and there is no fear of interruptions, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher rises from his place in front of the footlights and gives out the hymn; the leader of the singing, who also has a place on the stage, immediately starts the tune, and the whole congregation join in and sing with all their might. Then a prayer is made by some one on the stage. Then some one makes a short speech, or exhortation, or recital of religious experience; but no speech or prayer is to take more than three minutes' time. Should any person transgress this rule, he is at once called to order by the director of the meeting. If a brother prays more than the allotted time, it is not considered exactly proper to call him to order; but if he appears disposed to go on too long, somebody starts a hymn, the congregation join in and drown out the prosy brother; but in all cases of speech-making that overrun the time, the orators are choked off by the director without remorse.

The effect is very curious; the audience are first called on to listen to a prayer from the stage—then perhaps an exhortation from a private box; then follows a little "experience" from some pious

person in the dress circle; then a young man in the parquette will make some remarks, after which a distant voice from the third tier will be heard to say something; and then some gentleman in an orchestra chair will relate a pious anecdote, and the round will be completed by a hymn performed with unusual vigor. The audience are always quiet and orderly, and there are none of the uproarious demonstrations that used formerly to characterize revival meetings; save now and then a fervid "Amen," or a hearty "Yes, Lord," the speakers are not interrupted. There is no "anxious seat," and nobody has "the power," as in the days of the high-pressure Methodist revivals.

This is by no means the first time that a theatre in New York has been used for religious exercises. The old Chatham Theatre was occupied for many months for such a purpose, and hundreds of sermons were preached therein by Charles G. Finney, the celebrated revivalist minister, and others. Niblo's old theatre, which was burned, and which stood on the site of the present Niblo's Theatre, was occupied by a religious society for many weeks.

This "Revival of Religion," as it is technically and somewhat cantingly spoken of, which is now sweeping from one border of the country to the other, with as much seeming power as if it were a mighty irresistible tide of visible waters, instead of a wave of unsubstantial religious emotion, is something more than a mere excitement, a transitory popular enthusiasm; it is a phenomenon, and a phenomenon so marvellous, that had it occurred in earlier days, it would have been dignified as a miracle. Twenty-seven years ago there was a similar season, when a wonderful interest in religious things was awakened in many parts of the country; mainly through the agency of certain ranting fanatics, who went howling through the land, preaching utter damnation and eternal punishment to all who did not instantly repent and be converted. These men were called "Revivalist preachers," and for success in securing the attention of the people to the things of the better life, and inducing them to embrace the doctrines of the Christian faith, they relied chiefly on the persuasive influences of brimstone and blue blazes. Every one of them preached more hell-fire in a single week than their Master did in the whole course of his life. The threats of the Scripture, the awful denunciations, and the terrible examples of the Old Testament, were their constant theme; while the beauty of holiness and the ineffable love of Christ the Saviour formed little part of their discourses. Persons "converted" under such ministrations were worked up to the highest pitch of excitement, and were generally for a time in the deepest despondency, until, as the cant phrase had it, they "found a hope," when they gave way to the most frantic demonstrations of joy, and committed a thousand absurd extravagances of speech and action. It could hardly be expected that converts of this description should remain steadfast and firm in the faith; and in a very great majority of cases, as soon as the red-hot enthusiasm of the moment had cleared off, relapses and backslidings immediately supervened. Those who had been a most ardent became the most violent scoffers, and the arrows of their scorn were winged with unerring surety, for none knew so well the weak points of the cause from which they had deserted. "The last state of those men was worse than the first," and if men are held responsible for evil done with good intentions, then the old-fashioned Revivalist ministers have much to answer for; for few, very few of their converts were faithful unto the end.

The great movement of the present day is propelled, not by fear, but by influences of a character diametrically opposite. The Love of Christ and the excellencies of the Christian character are the chief topics of discourse. Purgatory has gone out of fashion, and Paradise is all the rage. The popular theory at present is to persuade and not to terrify, it being, under the light of modern civilization, generally admitted that it is fully as difficult to drive a sinner into Heaven as to coax him into the other place.

Quietness and earnestness are the characteristics of the present movement, and the *Business Men's Prayer Meetings* are the unique and powerful instruments by which the revival was inaugurated, the ball first set rolling. With whom originated the idea of starting a prayer-meeting to be held for an hour or even a shorter time, in the middle of the day, in places convenient to the haunts of active business men, and accessible in a minute or two from their offices or stores, we do not know. The first one was begun in the North Dutch church, corner of William and Fulton streets, and the example was immediately followed. At the present time, no business man, in whatever part of the city he is located, needs to go forty rods from his ledger to find a prayer-meeting in

operation, with a printed invitation outside for him to enter and listen to the prayers and experiences of others, and, if he so desire, take a part in the exercises himself.

There are "forty minute meetings" in the churches of Brooklyn, held between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, to intercept men on their way to their counting-rooms, and send them to their business with their thoughts on Christian Love and Charity, which is greatest of all.

The feeling seems to prevail all over the country, and it is by no means limited to those denominations which have been considered as especially given to indulge in religious excitements, but on the contrary, it embraces almost every form of church organization. The numbers of the converted cannot be at present estimated, for the movement is probably yet in the vigor of its prime. Whether the true measure of the good it may accomplish is to be ascertained by merely counting noses is somewhat doubtful. But "it is very certain," it has been truly remarked, that "the religious revival of 1858 is so remarkable for its simultaneous magnitude, that it will be pointed to hereafter as one of the epochs of the century."

DAVENPORT DUNN: A MAN OF OUR DAY.

By Charles Lever.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "JACK HINTON," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.—EXPLANATIONS.

WHAT a sad pity it is that the great faculty of "making things comfortable," that gifted power which blends the announcement with the explanation of misfortune, should be almost limited to that narrow guild in life to which Mademoiselle Annette belonged. The happy knack of half-informing and all mystifying would be invaluable on the Treasury benches, and great proficients as some of our public men are in this walk, how immeasurably do they fall short of the dexterity of the "soubrette."

So neatly and so cleverly had Annette performed her task, that when Miss Davis met Beecher at breakfast, she felt that a species of reserve was necessary as to the reasons of her father's flight, that as he had not directly com-



A MORAL SPECTACLE.

"He lived not wisely, but too well."



COMPLIMENTS WHEN GENTLEMEN MEET.

FIRST GENT.—"Ere's a call to you, Bill."

SECOND GENT.—"Well, I ought to be a copy man, I've got the best bull terrier in the country, and a wife as can tip her weight in any man."

municated with herself, her duty was simply to accept of the guidance he had dictated to her. Besides this, let it be owned, she had not yet rallied from the overwhelming astonishment of her first meeting with her father, so utterly was he unlike all that her imagination had pictured him! Nothing could be more affectionate, nothing kinder, than his reception; a thoughtful anxiety for her comfort pervaded all he said. The gloomy old Tirlmont even caught up an air of home as she passed the threshold, but still he was neither in look, manner nor appearance what she fancied. All his self-restraint could not gloss over his vulgarity, nor all his reserve conceal his defects in breeding. His short, dictatorial manner with the servants—his over present readiness to confront nobody saw what peril—a suspectful insistance upon this or that mark of deference as of a right of which he might possibly be defrauded—all gave to his bearing a tone of insolent defiance that at once terrified and repelled her.

To all her eager questionings as to their future life, where and how it was to be passed, he would only answer vaguely or evasively. He met her inquiries about the families and friends of her schoolfellow in the same way. Of her pleasures and pursuits, her love of music and her skill in drawing, he could not even speak with those conventionalities that disguise ignorance or indifference. Of the great world—the "Swell's" he would have called them—he only knew such as were on the turf. Of the Opera, he might possibly tell the price of a stall, but not the name of a singer; and as to his own future, what or where it should be, Grog no more knew than he who would be first favorite for the Leger a century hence. To "fence off" any attempt "to pump him" in the Ring, to dodge a clever cross-examiner in a court of justice, Davis would have proved himself second to none—these were games of skill, which he could play with the best—but it was a very different task to thread his way through the geography of a land he had not so much as heard of, and be asked to act as guide through regions whose very names were new to him.

The utmost that Lizzy could glean from that long first evening's talk was, that her father had few or no political ambitions—rather shunned the great world—cared little for dukes or duchesses—nor set any great store on mere intellectual successes. "Perhaps," thought she, "he has tried and found the hollowness of them all—perhaps he is weary of public life—perhaps he'd like the quiet pleasure of a country house, and that calm existence described as the chateau life of England. Would that he were only more frank with me, and let us know each other better!"

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There was that blending of levity with seriousness in her tone that totally puzzled Beecher; and so was it through all she said, there ran the same half-mocking vein that left him quite unable even to fathom her meaning. He muttered out something about "dress" and "smart things" being to be found everywhere, and that most probably they should visit even more pretentious cities than Brussels are long.

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"You'd like to see the world—the real, the 'great world,' I mean?" asked Beecher.

"Oh, how much!" cried she, clasping her hands in eagerness, as she arose. Beecher watched her as she walked up and down the room, every movement of her graceful figure displaying dignity and pride, her small and beautifully-shaped head slightly thrown back, while, as her hand layed the folds of her dress, her march had something almost stage-like in its sweeping haughtiness. "And how she would become it!" muttered he, below his breath, but yet leaving the murmured sound half audible.

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"I should like that; it sounds very fascinating, all of it. How it submerges at once, too, all the petty cares and contrivances, perpetually asking, 'Can we do this?' 'Dare we do that?' It makes existence the grand, bold, free thing one dreams it ought to be."

"You're right, there; it does make life very jolly."

"Are you very rich?" asked she, abruptly.

"No, by Jove I poor as a church mouse," said Beecher, laughing at the strangeness of the question, whose sincere simplicity excluded all notion of impertinence. "I'm what they call a younger son, which means one who arrives in the world when the feast is over. I have a brother with a very tidy fortune, if that were of any use to me."

"And is it not the same? You share your goods together, I suppose?"

"I should be charmed to share mine with him, on terms of reciprocity," said Beecher; "but I'm afraid he'd not like it."

"So that he is rich and you poor?"

"Exactly so."

"And this is called brotherhood? I own I don't understand it."

"Well, it has often puzzled me, too," said Beecher, laughingly; "but I believe, if I had been born first, I should have had no difficulty in it whatever."

"And papa?" asked she, suddenly, "what was he—an elder or a younger son?"

It was all that Beecher could do to maintain a decent gravity at this question. To be asked about Grog Davis's parentage seemed about the drollest of all possible subjects of inquiry, but with an immense effort of self-restraint, he said,

"I never exactly knew; I rather suspect, however, he was an only child."

"Then there is no title in our family?" said she, inquiringly.

"I believe not; but you are aware that this is very largely the case in England. We are not all 'marquises,' and 'counts,' and 'chevaliers,' like foreigners."

"I like a title; I like its distinctiveness: the sense of carrying out a destiny, transmitting certain traits of race and kindred, seems a fine and enabling thing; and this one has not, one cannot have, who has no past. So that," said she, after a pause, "papa is only what you would call a 'gentleman.'"

"Gentleman is a very proud designation, believe me," said he, evading an answer.

"And how would they address me in England—am I 'my lady'?"

"No, you are Miss Davis."

"How meanly it sounds—it might be a governess—a maid."

"When you are married you take the rank and title of your husband—a duchess, if he be a duke."

"A duchess it is, then," said she, in that light, volatile tone she was ever best pleased to employ, while with a rattling gaiety, she went on: "How I should love to be one of those great people you have described to me—soaring away in all that ideal splendor which would come of a life of boundless coat, the actual and the present being only suggestive of a thousand fancied enjoyments! What glorious visions might one conjure up out of the sportiveness of an untrammeled will! Yes, Mr. Beecher, I have made up my mind—I'll be a duchess!"

"But you might have all these as a marchioness—a countess—"

"No, I'll be a duchess; you shan't cheat me out of my just claims."

"Will your grace please to give orders about packing up, for we must be away soon after one o'clock," said he, laughing.

"If I were not humility itself, I'd say, the train should await my convenience," said she, as she left the room with a proud and graceful dignity that would have become a queen.

For a few moments Beecher sat silent and thoughtful in his chair, and then burst out into a fit of immoderate laughing—he laughed till his eyes ran over and his sides ached. "If this ain't going the pace, I'd like to know what speed is!" cried he, aloud. "I wonder what old Grog would say if he heard her; and the best of the joke is, she is serious all the while. She is in the most perfect good faith about it all. And this comes of the absurdity of educating her out of her class. What a strange blunder for so clever a head to make! You might have guessed, Master Grog, that she never could be a 'Plater.' Let her only enter for a grand match, and she'll be 'scratched' from one end of England to the other. Ay, Davis, my boy, you fancy pedigrees are only cared for on the turf; but there is a Racing Calendar, edited by a certain Deppert, that you never heard of."

Again he thought of Davis as a peer—"Viscount Davis!" Baron Grog, as he muttered it, came across him, and he burst out once more into laughter; then, suddenly checking himself, he said, "I must take right good care, though that he never hears of this same conversation; he's just the fellow to say I led her on to laugh at and ridicule him; he'd suspect in a moment that I took her that pleasant gallop—and if he did—!" A long, wailing whistle finished the sentence for him.

Other and not very agreeable reflections succeeded these. It was this very morning that he himself had determined on "leaving," and there he was, more securely mired than ever. He looked at his watch, and muttered, "Eleven o'clock; by this time I should have been at Verviers, and on the Rhine before midnight. In four days more, I'd have had the Alps between us, and now here I am without the chance of escape; for if I bolted and left his daughter here, he'd follow me through the world to shoot me!"

He sat silent for some minutes, and then, suddenly springing up from his chair, he cried out,

"Precious hard luck it is! but I can neither get on with this fellow nor follow him!" and with this "summing up," he went off to his room to finish his preparations for the road.

(To be continued.)

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we have succeeded in obtaining the agency for L. W. LEEDS' HOT WATER FURNACE, for warming and ventilating all classes of buildings, and we are confident from the operation of this apparatus that it will effectually overcome all the objections heretofore urged against the different modes of heating. The air enters the room at such a mild temperature, that those with delicate lungs can inhale it direct from the registers without receiving any injurious effects therefrom, which cannot be done either with ordinary or safety from the overheated currents of air from most hot air furnaces.

This Hot Water Furnace is durable, has few water joints, does not leak, needs no repairs, is easily managed, requiring fuel but twice in twenty-four hours; does not shrink nor injure the furniture and woodwork of the building, and can never set them on fire. It possesses many advantages over long circuitous coils of steam pipes or radiators; has been and is in successful operation, and gives perfect and entire

satisfaction.

Also on hand the celebrated HAYES' TUBULAR OVEN AND HOT AIR COOKING RANGE, which not only performs the office of Cooking in all its branches in the most perfect manner, but will at the same time heat additional

rooms.

We have the National and Republic Cooking Range,

Camp's House and Chimney Ventilators, Registers, &c., &c.,

all of which we offer at satisfactory prices. Personal

attention given to heating and ventilating by the proprietor.

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CHARLES' LONDON CORDIAL GIN.—THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY LONDON GIN IMPORTED.—This Gin, distilled in London from sound Barley, under the surveillance of the British Excise Laws, is delicately flavored with a tincture of the Italian Juniper Berry, and some of the most valuable restoratives of the Vegetable Kingdom, rendering it, in the opinion of the most eminent medical men, the purest and safest stimulant or diuretic drink in use. For sale by all druggists and grocers.

Quarts, 50 cents; pints, 38 cents.

EDM'D. C. CHARLES, Importer, 40 Broadway, New York.

119-170

JAMES BUTLER.

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN BRANDIES, WINES, LIQUEURS, &c., corner of Greenwich and Duane streets, New York.

122-125

THE OLD STAR HOTEL,

6

MYSTIC HALL SEMINARY for YOUNG LADIES, five miles from Boston. Calisthenics, Horse-back riding, Salt-water bathing, &c. For Catalogue, address 122-127 MRS. T. P. SMITH, Principal, Boston, Mass.

E. F. WOODWARD'S PATENT PREMIUM COLUMBIAN SKIRT EXTENDERS, UNRIVALLED FOR IMPARTING EASE, GRACE AND BEAUTY TO COSTUME. THE COMPRESSIBLE, EXPANSIVE AND (EVERY WAY) PLIABLE QUALITIES COMBINED WITH THEIR GREAT STRENGTH AND DURABILITY, RENDER THEM THE MOST RELIABLE AND DESIRABLE SKIRT SPRING IN THE WORLD, AFFORDING THE MOST EASY AND GRACEFUL FLOW TO THE DRAPERY IN A SITTING POSITION. THEY ARE ALSO INVALUABLE FOR LITTLE MISSSES' SKIRTS, PREVENTING ANY INELEGANT DISPLACEMENT OF THEIR ATTIRE SO CONSPICUOUS IN THE RIGID STEEL OR BRASS SPRING. THESE POPULAR FAVORITES RECEIVED THE HIGHEST PREMIUM AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, AND MAY BE HAD AT ALL THE LEADING NOTION AND DRY GOODS HOUSES IN THE CITY AND THROUGHOUT THE UNION: ALSO AT THE MANUFACTORY, 196 FULTON ST., N. Y. 122-124

BURNETT'S COCOAINE is the name of a new and much admired compound for dressing the Hair. It contains a large proportion of the famous Cocoa-nut Oil deodorized. A single application renders the Hair (no matter how stiff and hard) soft and glossy for several days. It also promotes healthy growth, and prevents it from falling off. For sale by all druggists.

CAMPHOR WOOD AND CEDAR TRUNKS, all sizes. For sale at BERRIAN'S, 601 Broadway.

AUSTIN'S PATENT FREEZERS, best and quickest, all sizes, \$2 to \$11 each, at BERRIAN'S, 601 Broadway.

HOUSE FURNISHING ARTICLES of every description; best Goods at lowest prices, at BERRIAN'S, 601 Broadway.

SILVER-PLATED SPOONS, FORKS, &c., the best quality. Treble Plate on first quality Albas, at reduced prices, at BERRIAN'S, 601 Broadway.

PERAMBULATORS, FOUR AND TWO-WHEELED CARRIAGES, Cabs, Gigs, Propellers, Swings, Hobby-horses, Tool-chests, &c., &c., at BERRIAN'S, 601 Broadway.

REFRIGERATORS.—All the latest and best kinds made in New York, Boston or Philadelphia, are offered at the lowest prices at BERRIAN'S, 601 Broadway.

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FAMILY SEWING MACHINE DEPOT. FIFTEEN AND FIFTY DOLLARS SEWING MACHINES.

The Fifteen Dollar Sewing Machine is the best cheap machine ever offered to the Public. Fifteen-minutes only required to learn to operate upon it. The Fifty Dollar Machine is warranted to excel all other family sewing machines. We challenge the world to produce its equal!

THOMAS & CO., 480 Broadway, N. Y.

Agents wanted. 121-123

Burnett's Cocaine. A compound of COCOA-NUT OIL, &c., for dressing the Hair. For efficacy and agreeableness, it is without a rival.

It prevents the hair from falling off.
It promotes its healthy and vigorous growth.
It is not greasy or sticky.
It leaves no disagreeable odor.
It softens the hair when hard and dry.
It soothes the irritated scalp skin.
It affords the richest lustre.
It remains longest in effect.
It costs fifty cents for a half-pint bottle.
A single application renders the hair (no matter how stiff and dry) soft and glossy for several days. It is con-

duced by all who have used it to be

The Best and Cheapest Hair Dressing in the World.

Prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston. For sale by all Druggists.

117-118

\$200,000 WORTH OF
CARPETTING!!

at a great sacrifice, at HIRAM ANDERSON'S, NO. 99 BOWERY, NEW YORK.

The largest Carpet Establishment in the United States. Ten spacious Sales Rooms.

LOOK AT PRICES!

English Velvet Carpeting, \$1 12 $\frac{1}{2}$, \$1 25, \$1 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ per yd
English Brussels Carpeting, 75c., 80c. to \$1 per yd.

Three-Ply Carpeting, 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. to \$1 per yd.
Elegant Ingrain Carpets, 40c., 50c., 60c. per yd.

Floor Oil Cloth, 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ c., 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ c., 50c. per yd.
White and Checked Matting, Rugs, Druggets, Window Shades, Stair Carpets and Rods, Mats, Table and Piano Covers, &c., at unpreceded low prices—less than first cost of manufacturing.

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SKIRTS! SKIRTS!! SKIRTS!
DOUGLAS & SHERWOOD'S
NEW EXPANSION
SKIRT,

WITH THE ADJUSTABLE BUSTLE.

PATENTED APRIL, 1857.

THE BEST ARTICLE EVER PRODUCED IN THIS COUNTRY OR EUROPE. DOUGLAS & SHERWOOD have constantly in operation one hundred and fifty Sewing Machines, and more than three hundred artists employed in the exclusive manufacture of Ladies' Skirts, of all varieties and styles, being the largest establishment of the kind in the country, thereby holding out inducements to wholesalers unequalled by any other manufacturers in the trade.

The goods manufactured by DOUGLAS & SHERWOOD are remarkable for their durability, flexibility and lightness; and they are now producing for the trade several entirely new and recherché styles.

For sale everywhere; and none are genuine unless stamped with our trade-mark.

DOUGLAS & SHERWOOD,
No. 343 Broadway, N. Y.



In Ireland, not long since, the body of a murdered schoolmaster is said to have been found in the road, with his head full of *fractions*.

"I'm thinking it's a shoe-aside," said Larry.

"The horse's shoe, was it?"

"No, alanna," said Larry; "shoe-aside is Latin or cutting your throat."

"But he didn't cut his throat," said the widow.

"Sure it's all one," said Larry, "whether he did it with a razhir on his throat or a hammer on his head. It's shoe-aside all the same."

"But there was no hammer found!"

"No—but he might have hid the hammer after he did it, to throw off the disgrace of the shoe-aside."

"But wasn't there any life in him when he was found?"

"Not a tante. The Crowners set on him and he never said a word, and if he was alive he would."

"And didn't they find anything?"

"Nothing but the vardick."

"And was it that that kilt him?"

"No, my dear; 'twas the crack on the head. But the vardick was, 'twas done, and somebody done it, and they were blackguards, whoever they were, and unknown."

"PLEASANT enough, but wrong," was the reply of the little urchin, who, on being arraigned for playing marbles on Sunday, and sternly asked, "Do you know where those little boys go to who are wicked enough to play marbles on Sunday?" replied very innocently, "Yes, some on 'em goes to the common, and some on 'em goes down by the side of the river."



Not to be behind the Corporation in national courtesy to the turbaned Turk, the Managers of the Metropolitan Theatres overwhelm him with invitations. He is induced to show himself for their benefit. He looks upon the "fair Laura" as almost divine.

FAIRBANKS' SCALES.

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